

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

WHEN it was rumored that the Emperor of China had been murdered and the Dowager Empress had assumed control of affairs, it will be remembered that a Chinaman of high degree fled from Peking and finally turned up in Hong-Kong under the protection of the British flag. This was the Emperor's favorite adviser, who is supposed to have instigated the progressive measures which led to the restoration of the power of the Dowager Empress. Suspiciously little has been heard of this Chinese politician since his flight from Peking, and it may yet transpire that he carried with him to Hong-Kong state documents, or copies of them, the contents of which led to the warlike demonstrations which Great Britain has been making ever since. If this Chinese ex-High Mogul had been interviewed, or if he had expressed his opinion with regard to Chinese politics, or in fact if he had done almost anything but keep absolutely silent, there would be less reason for the suspicion that it was through him that Great Britain obtained the secret information which made it impossible for her to permit Russia and France to proceed further with their conspiracy in Africa and China. No doubt the reactionary party in China, who, at once the Emperor had disappeared from public sight, endeavored to lay the blame of his supposed murder on the man who is now the guest of the British at Hong-Kong, intended to kill both him and his confederate who has been banished to a distant province. In this way Li Hung Chang and the Dowager Empress would have prevented any information leaking out, but the plan failed. Though I have not seen the suggestion made elsewhere, I imagine that it will be found that the British newspapers and officials are keeping quiet about the fugitive for very good reasons.

THE peace commission to settle affairs between the United States and Spain appears to be rather a juggling act. Indeed, it seems little better than a body intended to register the demands of the United States, and these demands are so extraordinarily large that they have rather shocked the neutral nations. Ordinarily when a man seizes a farm he has to take the mortgage with it, but Uncle Sam is taking the real estate and leaving poor old Spain to settle the debts. The war was begun to free Cuba; it is ending with practically all the colonial possessions of Spain being transferred to the United States, in the face of the most vigorous protests from the natives, who, when the Spanish-American war began, were fighting for freedom from a foreign yoke. No doubt it will be the best thing that could have happened these people, but the scheme is hardly consistent with the professions made by the United States when they went into the fight. If our neighbors are making a mistake in not living up to their philanthropic professions, they, and not the Spaniards, will be the ultimate sufferers. The mills of the gods are said to grind slowly, but the grist is sure, and by the absorption of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines the United States is certainly likely to get a grist of trouble of which they will not be rid when the grandchildren of this generation have charge of the Government at Washington. Certainly the British people will not complain, for the United States and Great Britain will be forced by circumstances, mutual interests and common foes to stand together. The arbitrary settlement of the terms of peace may seem unfair to the onlookers, but in the cause of humanity, civilization and world-wide peace the mistake which the United States people are making, possibly through greed and the lust of conquest and power, is doubtless the best thing that could happen. Without realizing the importance of the move, our neighbors have forced themselves into the diplomacy of the world. They must now act with the other great powers in view and not remain an isolated, self-contained, self-opinionated and self-assertive section of the human race. The task they have undertaken will be costly both in money and men. Its influence upon the people of the United States, however, will be corrective and refining. Presidents at Washington and ambassadors sent from there will speak in a different tone of voice; the press of the republic will be slower to criticize the older nations; the populace will, instead of clamoring for war when the slightest excuse is offered, insist upon all the arts of diplomacy and arbitration being exhausted before any blood is shed. No doubt: Great Britain sees the transaction from this point of view and is doing her best to find an ally in the cause of civilization and unrestricted trade. Over all one can see that the great God of battles is presiding and that the great nations of the world are learning a new lesson.

AN effort is being made to arouse public opinion against the holding, by M. Menier, of the Island of Anticosti, on the ground that he is a Frenchman and certain to sympathize with France should any war break out between that country and Great Britain. Canadian journals can do no good, but will be certain to do a great deal of harm, if they discuss at length or with much frequency, or any bitterness, the present strained situation between the home countries of the two principal races from which the people of Canada sprang. In this country we can afford to look with regret at the quarrel between our parents, and naturally enough the English-speaking people will sympathize with Great Britain and the French-speaking people will see with pain damage done to the motherland from which they and their forefathers have been so long absent. Only mischief-makers will insist on predicting disputes as being probable between the two races in Canada. In the past the French-Canadians have always been loyal to the flag in time of war, and without doubt they will be loyal in the future no matter how it may wring their hearts to fight against people of their own race. As their papers have already said, English-speaking people would despise them if they were without a natural love for the land which gave their forefathers birth and which planted its flag on the shores of the St. Lawrence, yet there is no doubt about the affection for and the invaluable support of Great Britain by both English-speaking and French-speaking Canada. Let this virtue be one of those which need no discussion or flamboyant display. There is not now, and there probably will not be, a war between the two old countries, but if a number of unwise and evil-speaking newspapers insist on daily or weekly discussions of the situation, we cannot avoid much bad feeling in this new country where now for the first time in our history we have no racial disputes.

TO guard against the re-introduction into Canada of racial disputes, the greatest possible pains should be taken that nothing be done or allowed likely to either alarm or anger the two great sections of the Dominion. I have more than once expressed myself as being unalterably opposed to Newfoundland becoming a portion of Canada, no matter whether that island be willing or not, until its French Shore dispute is settled. One of the oldest and most vexing features of Franco-British diplomacy is the everlasting recurrence of something connected with the French-treaty-shore of Newfoundland. Intrinsically of no great importance to France, though strategically invaluable, it affords occasion for many bitter arguments and temporary arrangements. Were Newfoundland a part of Canada the French and British views of the subject would cause

collisions, for the two races would naturally side more or less with their motherlands.

With regard to Anticosti the same argument appeals very strongly for the expropriation of the territory by the Canadian Government but not on behalf of the Home Government. M. Menier can be recouped for all his expenditures, the island returned to the Crown, and the money, for the price of repayment, obtained. In this way, those who are prone to racial suspicions would be relieved of anxiety and the Home, Federal and Provincial Governments prevented from conflict on a subject which, though trivial, might be the basis of great and perhaps permanent disagreements. The newspapers in dwelling on the Anticosti question are perhaps doing a work which, as far as results are concerned, was done before they began their crusade on behalf of the Methodists who inhabit that island. No man is stronger in his opinion with regard to both Newfoundland and St. Pierre and Miquelon than Hon. David Mills, the Minister of Justice, and it can be quite safely affirmed that the Dominion Government needs no prodding in order to induce it to do its duty. Certainly such prodding as is done should not be on the excessively narrow and sectarian lines of demanding justice for the Methodist settlers of Anticosti. It would seem as if a little sectarian notoriety were being looked for when we read of an international

that they have either favored or criticized every movement which existed or has sprung up during their presence with us.

Without seeking in the slightest to reflect upon them I think I voice the wish of the Canadian people that our next Governor-General shall not always be spoken of in the plural number. We never forget the wife of the Governor-General, yet still we have a lingering desire to think of him as the person and not as the rather vague fraction of two persons. It is difficult to find words sufficiently loyal and devoid of the bitterness of criticism to express our second wish, and that is that the wife of the next Governor-General shall not make speeches or sit on the floor of the House beside the Speaker during the debates. The speech made by Her Excellency last Saturday night was in exceedingly good taste, yet had she not been a speech-maker on other occasions the people present would never have thought of calling upon her for a talk. We never think of Her Majesty making a speech in person, though she has no husband to speak for her. At dinners in our own houses the husband responds on behalf of the wife, and we would prefer to keep up this old custom in Canada as against the New Woman notion that the gentler sex is to do its share of the talking both public and private. It is merely a matter of taste, and yet it is very doubtful if a Governor-General with a speech-making consort will ever go to a

prospective poverty. It is a question, however, whether larger salaries would be the means of getting better men, or whether more unscrupulous and dangerous men would not find it more worth while to seize the larger pay. Canada is a new country and public life here, unfortunately, offers more possibilities to unworthy men than in the old lands, where official life is so carefully scrutinized. Our public men mostly begin by going into county or city councils with no pay at all or but a nominal allowance. If successful they rise to the Legislature or to the House of Commons, and, if skilful, obtain still higher places. Our great difficulty is in starting the right sort of men along the road of public duty. If our difficulty is found to be that it is hard to enlist the best men, will it be lessened if great prizes are in view? Few men who regard money as a principal aim think, when they go into public life, of the possibility of getting a big salary except as the reward of party work. If Lord Aberdeen would glance at the British Islands he would find that public men, except they occupy high offices, are worse paid than they are in Canada. There no incentive is needed to induce men to take the initiative, for the leisurely classes are looking for something to interest them and for some public task to take up their time. The leading men may refuse public office because they have money enough to live without such positions, but in Canada the condition of affairs is so entirely different that no parallel between the two cases can be drawn.

Our best public men serve the public because they desire the public good, feel interested in the work and are ambitious to obtain political prominence. If anyone proved to me that better men would be induced by better salaries, at the successful end of their career, to enter the lists, I certainly would advocate an increase of pay. As I said before, unfortunately in Canada the inducement of a high salary would have to be offered at the beginning, not at the end of the contest, and already we pay our members of parliament, while in Great Britain they do not. Therefore it must be admitted that we are already offering greater inducements to good men than are offered in the British Islands, if we presume for a moment that the conditions are at all similar. Of course we insist that the conditions are dissimilar, that if there were no indemnity paid to a Member of Parliament a poor man would have no chance to occupy a seat in our deliberative assemblies. Therefore let us reverse Lord Aberdeen's proposition and say that no indemnity should be given to an assemblyman or a member of the House of Commons. Only men of means would then offer themselves as candidates. Presumably men with money are less liable to accept bribes or to do corrupt work than those who have their money to get, consequently the British system would seem to be better than the Canadian system, which, as adapted to Canada, is not the case.

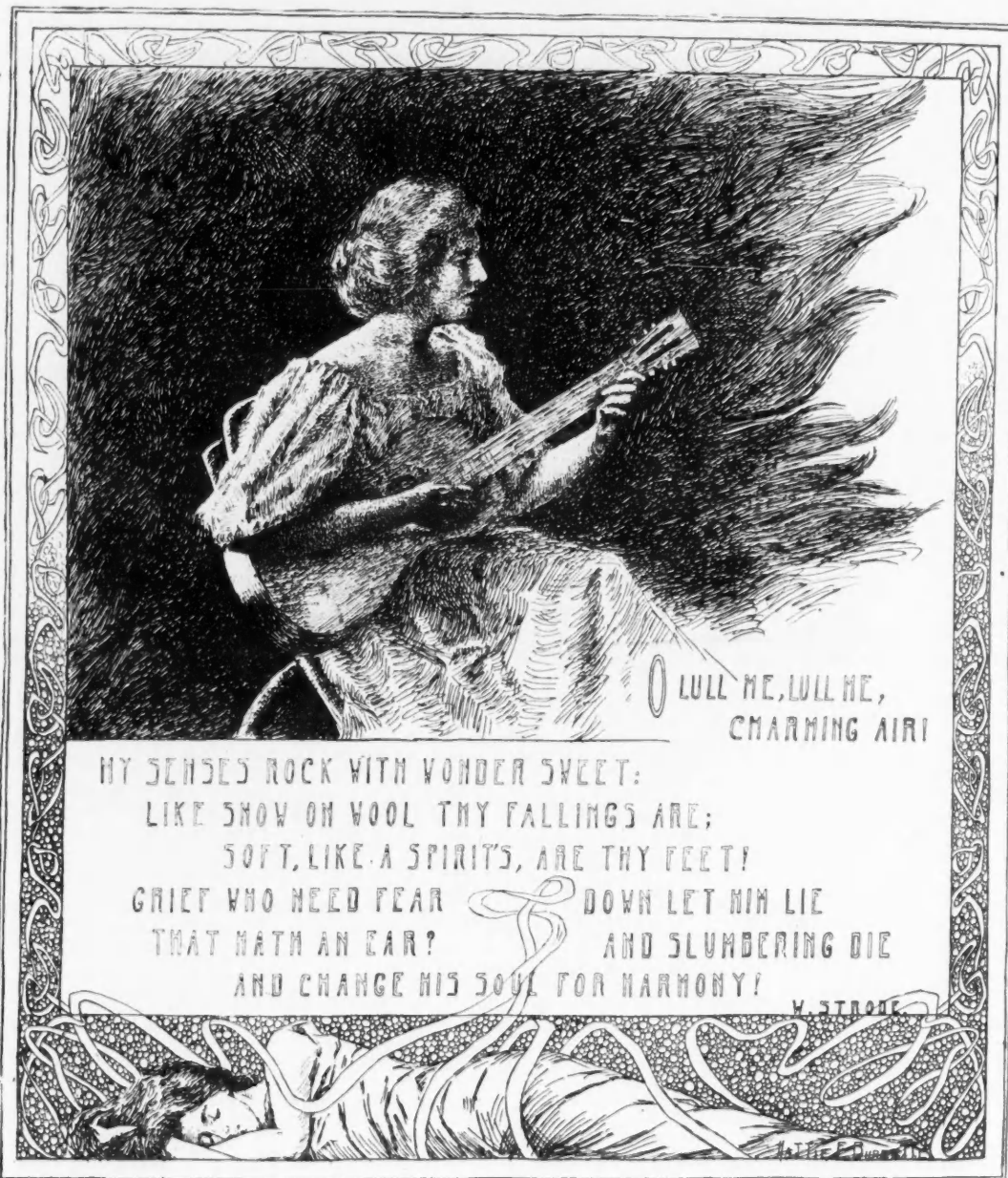
It has never been proven that men who are the greatest money-makers in private life are always best adapted as the chief executive officers of a government. To handle people and public affairs requires a training such as is rendered easily possible by the Canadian system of paying members of parliament sufficient to cover their legitimate expenses. The Premier and Ministers are paid what are considered in this country good salaries, and if they are unable to live on what they receive their failure is almost invariably the result of putting on too much style or spending money for campaign purposes, which is liable to do more harm than good to the electorate. In the last Government nearly every Minister was comparatively poor, both in money and brains. Had the salaries been twice as great it is not at all evident that we would not have had the same Ministers. In the present Administration the Ministers are nearly all of them well-to-do men—some of them, according to the standpoint of this country, comparatively rich—while those who are living on their official earnings are politicians who have subsisted on less than they are now receiving. I do not believe that higher salaries in the lower offices which many of these gentlemen occupied would have kept them out of politics, and I am not at all sure that larger salaries in the places they now occupy would have induced larger men to train themselves for the places. This being the case, while larger salaries are needed in some instances, the idea is not a good one as a rule. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is paid too little, for financially he is by no means a rich man, yet a low salary and the difficulty of remaining in public life have not kept him from achieving the highest place in the gift of the Canadian people, nor is there a man in Canada who thinks that if his salary were greater he would be more honest or more efficient.

Taken altogether, we must conclude that except in the cases of men who are sent abroad by nations and are forced to keep up a conventional pace set by society composed of an aristocratic class, we can get good men to serve at the salaries now being paid. As we maintain no ambassadors or consuls abroad, the condition of affairs at home must rule us; and every argument seems to indicate that as we must simplify and make less expensive our lives as individuals, we would defer the bringing about of the new condition by making the expenditure on and by public officials more lavish than it now is.

THE temperance organizations of Canada apparently have yielded to the counsels of the most bigoted members of the straightest sect of their Pharisees. After the taking of the plebiscite there was a considerable period during which those who were opposed to Prohibition and those who were in favor of it, could it have been carried by a vote even in some degree suggestive of a possibility of enforcing it, hoped that for a time at least this disturbing topic would rest until some satisfactory solution could be found. In view of the agitation which is now being made by organizations of women and associations of notoriety-hunters—not by Prohibitionists generally—with the object of demanding a prohibitory law from the Dominion Government, it is evident that a few noisy and ill-balanced people are determined to drag temperance sentiment and the possibilities of an ultimate triumph for temperance legislation, in the dust. It has frequently been pointed out that a reasonable majority of Canadians are opposed to either the importation, sale or use of alcoholic beverages, and it is admitted by everyone that this sentiment has been largely created by sincere and indefatigable temperance workers appealing to the good sense of people who are quite willing to be convinced and to act according to their convictions. This being true—and it is an admission which perhaps may be largely disputed—it does not follow that the majority of Canadians believe that a weakly supported prohibitory law would aid the cause of temperance or diminish the use or importation of intoxicants.

It is useless to go into the arguments which were so thoroughly threshed out before the voting for or against Prohibition, but it is absolutely necessary to separate the noisy few who are now clamoring for a prohibitory law, from the hundreds of thousands who registered their opinion in favor of Prohibition. There is not more than one out of a hundred in favor of Prohibition who is in favor of a fool-law alleged to favor temperance, but the operations of which, would of necessity promote intemperance, the illegitimate sale and secret consumption of the vilest of liquor. If the temperance people desire to retain their influence in the community they should suppress the noise-makers whose precepts are without wisdom and whose example must certainly alienate reasonable people who would otherwise adhere to the temperance organizations which have practically been defeated in the voting, but who have shown a strength which cannot be disregarded if wisely exercised.

The day may come, and sooner than many of us expect, when Canada may demand a law which will permit the sale of liquor on sufferance only, and soon after that time may come the day when a consensus of opinion will make it evident that the sale



question being placed on a class-meeting basis. No doubt there are adherents of other religious sects on the island, but whether this be true or not, no national importance can be attached to their religion, while great importance must be attached to their being Canadians and being justly used. The one thing of most importance is that now when Great Britain and France have a dispute which will probably end, as it should, in diplomacy or arbitration, the French shore of Newfoundland and the possession of the Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon be finally decided so that this bilingual Dominion of Canada shall have no international dispute liable to set the two peoples quarreling.

St. Pierre and Miquelon, in violation of the articles of the treaty which gave them to France, are storehouses of goods, principally alcoholic liquors, intended to be smuggled into this country. Great Britain could do Canada no greater favor than to obtain possession of them from France and put them under Canadian control. To accomplish this, however, no good will be done by Canadian newspapers throwing bricks at one another; and even if the two races in Canada went to wordy or actual war, the latter of which, of course, is an impossibility, we would be no nearer the desired result. French Canada is being more injured by the smuggling operations originating in St. Pierre and Miquelon than the British sections of the Dominion; but the fact remains that the French shore of Newfoundland—the Islands are of no use, except for smuggling purposes, to anybody but Canada—prevents the absolute consolidation of the most important section of the Empire outside of Great Britain and Ireland.

IT is a matter of congratulation to every Torontonian and to the people of this province that the city farewell receptions tendered to Lord and Lady Aberdeen were thoroughly successful, enthusiastic and sincere. All Canadians recognize the fact that Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been indefatigable in performing their official duties and in furthering movements which were not official, but which were at least intended to be beneficial to the people of this country. The people of this country are not quite sure that they could not manage these movements themselves, but they are nevertheless duly grateful to the social heads of the Government for their initiative and continued assistance. Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been by no means parsimonious in their expenditure, and though it may be open to dispute whether they have always been wise in advocating or assisting associations, the main feature of which suffers may have called a fad, we appreciate the fact

higher diplomatic position than the one he occupies when this tendency of his wife is discovered.

AMONG the suggestions made by His Excellency in his farewell speeches in Toronto was that of higher salaries for men occupying public positions. In some instances, no doubt, men are serving the public for less money than they could make by private enterprise. In fact, the majority of civil servants receive less than they might have made had they remained outside of Government offices, but those who accept these offices know that during life or good behavior their job will last, though their pay will be smaller than they could make by individual enterprise. Nevertheless the clamor for such situations by men of similar capacity is so great as to be a considerable embarrassment to the governments.

Men are always looking for a certainty, and even if it is small it is much preferred to a large likelihood. Civil servants know that they can live on a small amount if they are not forced to expend considerable sums in entertaining and forcing the pace in some locality where their standing has been too well, or not any too well established. They know, too, that by careful management they can obtain all the comforts and necessities of life on a small salary, and be sure of them. If we could only educate ourselves who are not in the civil service up to the point of simplifying our lives and reducing our expenditures, the whole problem of our existence would be made much easier. This being the case, we would be retrograding if we were to accept the idea that more or less lavish expenditures must be made by public servants no matter what class of office they hold. Our public life, to a larger extent perhaps than we imagine, is the pattern for the private lives of the citizens individually, and before any sweeping change is made Canadians should carefully consider how larger salaries for public servants would influence outsiders who desire to get into sight socially or to remain there.

The judge, for instance, is not expected to entertain or to spend money as freely as a man who is pushing a business and is anxious for popularity in order to extend his commercial connection, and his salary, though it may seem small, is one which can be lived within more readily than if it were paid to someone who only held a place from year to year and had to expend a portion of it to maintain his status. Cabinet Ministers and those who are the highest servants of the people in the more ephemeral line of politics, should certainly be paid reasonably well in order that able men may not be kept out of politics by

of liquor should be forbidden. Temperance organizations have it in their power to bring about such a sentiment, though I am firmly convinced that with the coming of such a sentiment any apparent necessity for a prohibitory law will disappear. When Canada is prepared to make even a reasonable attempt to enforce a prohibitory law, Canada will need no such law, and until public sentiment is educated up to this point no attempt to enforce a prohibitory law would be anything but ridiculous or conducive to evil results.

There are those who are making their living out of the temperance agitation; there are others who are making notoriety out of it, and there are still others whose only claim to respectability is a prominence in the circles of temperance agitators. Taken altogether, these people gathered together from coast to coast would not number five hundred, yet their voice is as loud as if it were a great ocean of sentiment driven by a whirlwind of pious zeal against the adamant rocks of the Dominion Government. As far as the Government is concerned there should not be the slightest danger, for public sentiment has declared itself, that any prohibitory law will be even offered, but it is well that the sincere temperance advocate should not lose his influence by joining in a movement which is so ridiculous and ineffectual that if participated in by those who are really the bone and sinew of the total abstinence class, the whole organization will become useless as an influence likely to bring the general community to their way of thinking. As a matter of fact, there are not now a dozen reasonable and representative men who believe that the Government should even offer a prohibitory law, and in the hearts of that dozen, if such a number exists, there is not one who believes that the law could be enforced or would become anything but a laughing-stock and an element most destructive to public peace, good behavior and temperance sentiment.

The Government, to save itself from interminable arguments, should be peremptory in its refusal and decline to discuss the matter any further. No good can come of putting the matter off, inviting further interviews or showing a tendency in any respect to permit any further intervention. As they say in diplomacy, it is a closed incident and as such, should not be again mentioned. It is best for the country, it is best for the temperance organization and sentiment, it is best for the Government that years should elapse before either public money or the energy of the electorate should be diverted in the direction of Federal prohibitory experiments of such a wholesale and arbitrary sort as the one recently voted upon. In the meantime, communities which desire Prohibition and people who desire to increase the number of total abstainers, will have the whole time at their disposal which has been hitherto frittered away in demands for general legislation, to convert their neighbors and to prepare the country for a sweeping change. It will take years to accomplish this, but if the same success meets the sincere advocates of teetotalism as has met them in the past, fifteen or twenty years from now we will see Canada almost cleansed of intemperance and public opinion so strong that legislation will be considered as unimportant.

A Scotchman's View of a Hero.

To the Editor of Saturday Night.

SIR.—While in Scotland recently and seated in the Empire Music Hall, in Glasgow, I noticed Piper Findlater was hissed by some in the audience. Being a visitor from this side of the Atlantic, seeking for information, I turned to my next neighbor, a remarkably stolid-looking specimen of the genus Scot, and said to him, "Why do they hiss him?" He replied, "Because they don't want him." "But," said I, "he is a hero, is he not?" "What did he ever do?" was the rejoinder. "Why," I exclaimed, "he was shot through both legs, and then sat down." "Could he help it," he answered. "But," I urged, in extenuation of the hero idea, "he went on playing the pipes." "Second nature," said he. I stared in blank astonishment at this view of the whole affair, when my friend, observing my look, said: "I'll just tell you, this man did nothing unusual! Take the first ten Highland pipers you meet with. Start them playing; shoot them through both legs; down they'll sit, and keep on playing."

Thus did a practical Scot shiver in a few words the glamor surrounding the hero of Dargat. Hitherto, we on this side had thought it grand to think of a man shot through the legs sitting down and keeping up the tune. I now see to the Scotch mind, at any rate, it was but a natural sequence of events!

Yours,

JOHN RANSFORD.

Social and Personal.

THE winter's stately procession of balls is beginning to loom up, and the debutantes are vibrating between hope and despair, according as papa and mamma look generous or the reverse. First on the list comes St. Andrew's ball, that function which sees the first flutter into society dissipation of the daughters of loyal Scots, who would no more think of allowing their lassie to make her debut any other where than at St. Andrew's ball, than they would permit her to sound the third letter in her name of golf. Then, the picturesque *bal poutre*, on the sixth of December, which has always been a dance beloved of the elite, society being interested greatly in the Ladies' Work Depository, a very well managed and satisfactory institution, which looks to a big subscription list for this ball, in the same way the Irish center looks at his beloved porcine, "the gentleman that pays the bill." And besides rent there is this year the expense of moving to the pretty new quarters in King street west, which one should consider, and be liberal, O ye patrons of debutantes, in your purchase of tickets for the *bal poutre*. The Yacht Club ball is steering wide and we have not yet mastered its bearings, but it is coming to an anchor just as soon as Lord Minto gets into port.

Last week Miss Anna Goldham and Mr. Arthur Barnard were two young people who were the recipients of the thoughts and good wishes of hundreds of friends, both in Toronto, Toledo and other cities both sides of the line. Thursday evening was the date chosen for their wedding ceremony, which took place at the residence of the bride's mother in Madison avenue, and was performed by His Lordship the Bishop of Missouri, Dr. Atwill. Bishop Atwill is an old and very dear friend of the bride's family and was formerly for years their Rector. At their request and under the special sanction of the Bishop of Toronto (who wrote a personal letter inviting him to do so) Bishop Atwill took the long journey to Toronto to be present and officiate at the ceremony. As the Statutes of Ontario provide that a marriage ceremony must be performed by a clergyman resident in Canada, the law was privately complied with in this respect, and the happy couple, bound by church and state, left for their bridal tour to enjoy the gaieties of Gotham. The well known taste of Miss Goldham, the bride-elect, and her clever sisters and mother, was shown when the guests were ushered into a veritable summer scene of wreathed and garlanded stairways, portals and salons. The bridal party stood in the smaller salon, while the guests grouped themselves in the drawing room and hall, each wishing to get one peep at least of the pretty scene. Soft music floated down from a nook on the second landing, where an orchestra was placed, and accompanied the deep tones of the Bishop's voice, the manly response of the groom and the gentle utterance of the bride. Roses breathed fragrance, chrysanthemums stood stately in sheaves tied with great knots of white satin ribbons, and the chandeliers were shaded to a dim religious light, very effective and beautiful. The bridal party descended slowly, preceded by two small pages, Master Suydam, nephew of the bride, and Master Crowther of St. George street. Dr. Beemer of London and Mr. L. McMurray were ushers, preceding the bridesmaid, Miss Brown of Toledo, in pink with pink roses, and the maid of honor, Miss Nellie Goldham, in white with silver embroidery. Last of all came the bride, in a sumptuous bridal robe of white satin, and veil of exquisite lace, worn off the face and fastened with diamonds; she carried a huge bouquet, which was afterwards tossed to the maids in attendance from the upper landing. The tradition that she who gets the bride's bouquet will be first wedded is a foregone verity in this case, as Miss Nell is to be a December bride. After the ceremony friends crowded in to wish long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, and many of them to be also presented to His Lordship, and to Mr. Stratford Marlin, the best man. Dr. Goldham of Toledo gave away the bride. The bridal party took supper together in an exquisitely decorated room upstairs, where the round table was a dream of

beauty, and the tiny loving-cups in Bohemian glass set at each place were taken as souvenirs by each favored guest. The wedding supper was served by McConkey, and everyone was more than pleased with it. The bride's health was drunk above and below stairs, and when she arrived in her traveling-gown she was smothered in a rain of white chrysanthemums. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard will on their return from their wedding trip receive at the Rossin on the eleventh and twelfth of January. Among the guests at the wedding were: Mrs. Herbert Yates of Brantford, Dr. and Mrs. Coldham of Toledo, Mrs. Atkinson of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, just returned from the West Coast; Mr. and Mrs. Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Dr. and Mrs. Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dryan, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Captain and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Dr. and Mrs. C. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. J. McC. Warden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beatty, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Misses Mortimer Clark, Gooderham of Maplecroft, Aitkins, and Messrs. Frank Hodgins, Kelly Evans, Scott Griffin, W. Fleury, R. Geary, F. Gray, Macdonald, J. G. Macdonald, A. Burritt, Percy Manning, W. M. Douglas, Kavanagh and James Burnham.

St. Luke's choir got up a very attractive minstrel show for Monday and Tuesday evening, and had, as they deserved, packed houses, St. George's Hall being jammed Tuesday evening. The boys' chorus, in white sailor suits with red stockings and trimmings, were a smart party and have some good soloists too. The six end men, stunning darkies in wild costumes and fantastic jewelry, were imitable, the facial contortions of Mr. Lancaster reducing the audience to hysterics. Everyone was on tiptoe to see Black Patti, Mr. Lincoln Carlyle's wonderful impersonation, and they were not disappointed either. In a robe of soft white classically crossed with gold straps a *la grec*, Black Patti, with her foot duly poised on a footstool, sang Ben Bolt, and was presented with a bouquet of paper flowers and encored when she gave I Cannot Sing the Old Songs. Mr. Carlyle's make-up was perfect, and his clinging robe, while it enhanced the inky tint of his complexion, made him appear about seven feet high. His phenomenal falsetto climbed some seven feet more, and his trills and tremolos were greeted with gales of giggles from every side. A visiting New Yorker said it was the best impersonation he had seen in years. The whole show was very good, and the gags and jokes manufactured for the occasion. I hear it is to be repeated on Thanksgiving night.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne entertained at dinner a party who, with their hostess, afterwards attended Mrs. Somerville's dance.

Another debutante entered society last week, when on Thursday Mrs. Rose presented her second daughter, Miss Chrissie, to a very pleasant company of lady friends at a tea at her home in Queen's Park. Miss Chrissie in the orthodox dainty white frock of the debutante was warmly welcomed, and a group of more experienced young girls did the honors of her coming-out tea by presiding at the refreshment table, which was charmingly decorated with roses.

Mr. E. Gus Porter of Belleville was in Toronto on Tuesday, on business, I hear, connected with Mr. Ponton's trial, which takes place the latter part of this month and will be watched with kindly interest by the young man's many friends here.

At the "Aberdeen banquet," as it has been familiarly called, a very charming act of courtesy was the way the gallery guests were remembered with ices and cake. The ladies and gentlemen there were, with very few exceptions, in evening dress, and added much to the scene. Some of those present were: Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan, Mr. Muir, Miss N. Owens, Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Miss Evelyn Falconer, Miss Plaster, Mrs. Donald Mackay, Miss Leila Mackay, and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson.

Mrs. George Plunkett Magann's tea last Saturday was very numerous and attended and closed a dull day with a bright and enjoyable function. Thornhurst is a pretty and artistic residence, and its usual charm was added to by a profusion of flowers and smiles, with fine palms as decorations, while music filled the air from D'Alessandro's mandolin and harp orchestra. Mrs. Magann, always a most piquant and lovely little lady, is at her best as a hostess, and gave the prettiest welcome to her many guests, among whom were friends from every quarter of the city. At the tea table, which was very handsomely done in roses, pink-shaded Dresden candelabra, and mums, were: Miss Falconbridge in pale blue; Miss Bessie Hees in rose mousseline and lace; Miss Loretta Scott in a soft white gown, with bolero in gold Armenian embroidery; Miss Prairie, sister of Mrs. Fissett, who is visiting in Toronto, in rose pink; Miss Carrie Jones, in a pretty frock, and one or two others whom it was difficult to catch sight of, so busy and so thronged was the tea-room. Mr. Magann, with hearty hospitality, did lion's share in looking after the ladies, though there were a large number of men in attendance, as is usual at a Saturday tea.

Mrs. Brouse and Mrs. Willie Brouse were hostesses to one of the most delightful teas of the season, which they gave in St. George's Hall on Wednesday. The ladies received at the entrance to the pretty burling hall, where an Oriental carpet was laid, and the guests found themselves facing a bower of palms on the dais, concealing a sweet-toned orchestra, and on the right a brilliant tea-table set with every dainty and well served by Webb's men. The decorations were in the flower of the week, the gorgeous chrysanthemum, with pink silk and roses, and the table was lighted by banquet lamps. Mrs. Brouse wore a gown of petunia satin with touches of rich lace, and the younger hostess was perfectly stunning in an *ombre* Dresden silk, with full foot flounce of canary mousseline, and gaime of the same set in with jeweled *passementerie*, and touches of turquoise velvet. Everyone had a word of admiration for the radiant young matron who was full of fun and hearty hospitality, and deserved all the pretty speeches that were made. About six o'clock, when the crowd was at its height, a dance was begun, and as at a former happy tea in the same place, it gave the last touch to a delightful afternoon. Miss Brouse, the dainty little lady in pale blue and black, Miss Leila Mackay, Miss Boulton, Miss Irene Somerville and Miss Sybil Seymour were a coterie in charge of the refreshments, who were seconded by the efforts of a host of men guests, led by general Mr. Willie Brouse. "Everyone" was there, as one says, when one has met many good friends, and they stayed, oh! very far beyond the time usually allowed by the afternoon tea.

The marriage of Mr. Vaux Chadwick and Miss Jessie Murray of New York takes place on December 21 at St. George's church, Flushing, L. I. Rev. Mr. Waller will be the officiating clergyman, and Mr. Ralph Hoskins of Toronto will be best man. Mr. Chadwick was in New York for a short visit and returned on Wednesday.

The decision of the Skating Club not to organize this winter has been received with regret by various lovers of the graceful pastime. The reason? Well, the membership grew so large that the semi-private character of the original club was not preserved, and I am informed the management felt that its object was, therefore, not carried out satisfactorily.

Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark gives an At Home on Saturday, November 21, at half-past four o'clock.

Mrs. Mavor gives a young people's dance next Thursday evening at her residence in the Queen's Park. Mrs. Jack McMurrich holds her post-nuptial receptions next Thursday and Friday at her home, 63 Brunswick avenue. Mrs. Creelman gives a young people's tea one afternoon next week. Mr. Lucius O'Brien was much congratulated on his speedy recovery when he arrived at Mrs. Brouse's tea with Mrs. O'Brien on Wednesday.

The address which was presented to Lady Aberdeen by about one hundred young society people last week was beautifully gotten up at the Ladies' Work Depository. Miss Carrie Lash decorated the book with clever paintings of Canadian wild

flowers, many of them gathered during her late tour in the North-West. The effect of her work was admirable.

The Chrysanthemum Show, which has been in full swing since Wednesday afternoon, when it was formally opened by the Mayor of Toronto, has given us a look at some amazing blooms. Music and flowers combine to charm eye and ear, and the delicate fragrance of the roses exhibited on Thursday satisfied a third sense. The show surpasses all records for excellence.

Lady Howland's big tea this afternoon is the affair of the hour. Dancing will be enjoyed in the fine assembly-room at the Confederation Life Building. Mrs. S. G. Beatty's tea yesterday was a successful one. Mrs. Rose's afternoon At Home on Thursday showed that frightful weather means but little to a willing crowd. Miss Barker's tea in Cecil street was very enjoyable. Mrs. J. L. Brodie gives a tea at her residence in Sherbourne street next Thursday. Mrs. Falconbridge gives an At Home on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 18. Mrs. Hammond gave a very successful tea on Monday afternoon, assisted by her daughters, the Misses Crombie and Miss T. Montizambert. The *salons* were beautiful with floral decorations of roses and chrysanthemums, and an orchestra played during the reception, which was attended by a large number of very smart guests.

Miss Ellie Crease, who, with her parents, is devoted to the game of the day, won a pretty prize score-card at a match on the Rosedale links a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Pingle are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bridgeland in Bracebridge, Muskoka. Mrs. Harry Totten has returned from a pleasant sojourn at Preston Springs. Mr. Rowland, a great traveler, is *en pension* for a short time at Mrs. Thorne's. On Wednesday he was entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland of St. George street. Two enjoyable teas are to be given by St. George street hostesses this month. Mrs. W. D. Matthews will give one and Mrs. George Hees will give the other.

Massey Hall was thronged three times last week for the Grace Hospital benefit, given by the little ones of the city in the shape of a Brownie concert. The small girls generally secure the confectionery in such displays, but they were outdone by the boys this time. Beautiful as the fairies were, with Mr. Acton Burrows' fair daughter as their queen, they were not in it when those funny little freaks, the Brownies, trotted on the stage. Mr. Colin Gordon's handsome little son, Rob, was the quaintest little old-fashioned poet; Douglas Wright was a capital John Bull; and the policeman, who insisted on suppressing the too fluffy small fairies, was one of the cutest of the lot. Master Bernie Rautenberg, a nine-year-old solo singer, won the laurels of the evening; Lord Aberdeen applauded him heartily for his song, and everyone enjoyed the encore, Molly Malone. Bernie is a Beeton youngster, with a phenomenally clear, pure and powerful soprano; his enunciation was delightful as he easily filled the vast hall. The Vice Regal party came in during the first part and were much amused at the show. Miss Phyllis Lawlor's solo dances were astonishingly graceful and clever, and it is only right to mention that all the dancers owe their success to Mr. Sage, who gave time and thought gratuitously to their instruction and perfection. Miss Annie McKay acted as accompanist.

Toronto's farewell to Canada's Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, was a brilliant event. A banquet was tendered His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen on Saturday night of last week. It was spread in the Pavilion, and surely never did the old place look so well. Many transformations have been wrought with its angles of square bare timber, but the white and old gold of Saturday night was the most beautiful as yet, and when added to it were the beautiful women with their wealth of color, the sparkle of jewels, the gold and silver and scarlet of the military, the lights and music, the gallery of ladies and gentlemen also in evening dress—the *tout ensemble* was a picture rich for every sense. The table of honor was on the platform, where Mayor Shaw presided. I do not remember having seen Lady Aberdeen in a more becoming gown, and her jewels exceeded in beauty and number those she usually wears. Lady Marjorie Gordon, her tall and girlish-looking daughter, was also present, looking particularly bright. The toasts and speeches were few, but enjoyable. Lord Aberdeen spoke even more heartily than we have sometimes heard him, and a demand from both ladies and gentlemen for a speech from Lady Aberdeen was honored. The information imparted by her happy allusion to that date as being the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding eve, was received with hearty applause. The singing of that fine old song, Afton Water, the tables in a St. Andrew's cross design, the skirling of the bag-pipes every now and then, and the old-fashioned joining of hands as Auld Lang Syne was sung, told of the Scotch element and paid a compliment to the guests of the evening. After the banquet the Earl and Countess and Lady Marjorie Gordon gave a good-bye hand-shake to those present, and the civic farewell was over.

That guests, both young and old, appreciate room to move about in, which is sometimes the one thing not to be had in a large gathering in a private house, has been proved during the past ten days in a delightful manner. Mrs. Somerville, not satisfied with giving one of the smartest teas of the season for the introduction of her daughter and the pleasure of a charming house party, gave also to her young circle and a few young married friends one of the prettiest and most successful dances which I have seen in Toronto. The perfect assembly room in the Temple Building, with its ideal floor, was secured for the dancers, and a vista of screened *tele-tele* corners down the corridor provided nooks for a quiet chat and rest from the brightness and motion of the *salle de danse*. There were brides and debutantes in all their pretty fineries, little Mrs. Jack McMurrich looking particularly nice in her wedding gown; Miss Dwight of St. George street in rose silk with veiling and frills of white; Miss Snowball of New Brunswick in a Stitt frock of white satin and chiffon; the lovely girl hostess in white satin, with soft trimmings and veilings of mousseline, and a corsage bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley; Miss Somerville's bouquet was a sheaf of white roses, and she made a pretty picture for many admiring eyes as she smilingly greeted the guests; Mrs. Somerville wore a delicate shade of blue with point lace bertha and diamonds; Mrs. Cockburn Clewom was in canary brocade with bertha of old lace; Miss Lola Powell of Ottawa, a most radiant and fascinating girl, wore rose pink and carried pink carnations; Miss Muriel Steele, who came down from Hamilton for the debut, wore white trimmed with chiffon; Miss Brown-Wallis, who came from Ottawa with her brother, was fetchingly gowned in black, lightened with rose velvet, her lovely brown eyes doing much execution as of old; a fine, handsome girl, whose bright face and unaffected manner charmed many, was Miss Stewart, daughter of Hamilton's former Chief of Police, and niece of Col. Otter; Miss Stewart was in white with perky white wings on her shoulders and in her *coiffure*; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore a very elegant Stitt gown with *le denerier* crêpe, knotted chenille network on the skirt; little Miss Loretta Scott, a chic, tiny maid in a princess gown of striped rose and white silk, was much sought after; Mrs. James Thornburn, Jr., wore a sumptuous brocade in *vieux rose* and flowers; Mrs. James Burnham wore white *noire*, with broad satin stripes, a most rich and becoming gown. Miss Louise Matthews and petite Miss Waldie were two happy and admired debutantes; Miss Marion Cunsell and Miss Agnes Dunlop of Hamilton were welcome guests at this dance; Miss Louise Jones in a dainty deep pink silk with lace, and Miss M. L. Jones in a stunning pink gown with panels of most exquisite Brussels point; Miss Justina Harrison in white silk; Mrs. Cowan of Oshawa in a Stitt gown, which became her bright face very well; Miss Keefe of Ottawa, Miss Inez Mitchell, a dark-eyed belle in pink; Miss Buchanan of Montreal in a stylish black dress; Miss May Kirkland, last week's debutante, in white satin and embroidered mousseline; Miss Erie Temple, lovely in white, and by many pronounced the belle—were just a few of the charming people who floated by in the dance. Albert Williams served a very excellent supper in a suite of small apartments where tables *a deux* and *a quatre* were set and prettily adorned with roses. D'Alessandro's orchestra played beautifully for the suppers and sitters-out, while rattling music for the dancers was provided in the ball-room, where the usual array of national flags with some handsome palms enhanced the appearance of a singularly beautiful room.

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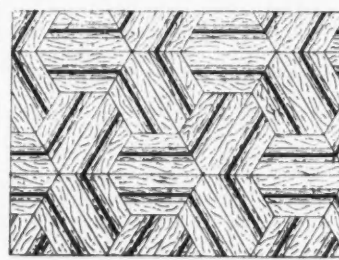
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Social and Personal.

AT the special convocation assembled to confer honorary degrees upon His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the guests enjoyed very much the academic flavor of the procession of gowned and hooded Faculty and Fellows of Trinity, the gorgeous black and gold robes of the chancellor, Hon. G. W. Allan, who was a stately figure in the chair of office, and the Latin oration of Professor Huntington, which was received with shouts from the students in the gallery and quiet smiles of appreciation from the learned ones on the dais. Lady Aberdeen took a back seat with Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat, and the popular Governor, who was to be specially honored, arrived in glowing red robes with rose-color facings, and after being duly presented by the Provost made a very hearty and earnest acknowledgment of his sense of the honor conferred. Tea in the rooms of various professors, and a special spread for His Excellency and his party, took up the darkening hours until a hurried return to town was made by all and sundry the guests and hosts of the banquet which closed the week. Professor and Mrs. Clark gave tea in the professor's library; Professor Young had a bright and jolly tea party in his snugger; and though many were obliged to skip these pleasant functions in order to reach far Parkdale in time for Mrs. Magann's big tea, a goodly number lingered in College till the bells rang six. I heard quite a number of *habitués* regretting the absence of a bright young man, Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson, whose tears were always so jolly. Mr. Wilson is now at Chocowinity, North Carolina, at Trinity Military School, where he was offered a position on the staff, and whence he writes: "I occasionally long for Toronto, Canada, and Trinity." At the ceremony on Saturday the absence of Sir Oliver Mowat, who was also to have been the recipient of Trinity's highest honor, was much regretted by everyone, and charmingly so in a few words by Lord Aberdeen.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. McEachren of Markham street celebrated their crystal wedding on Halloween, when about forty of their friends were entertained in their pretty home. Progressive euchre and story-writing made the time pass all too quickly. Handsome crystal prizes were awarded, the fortunate recipients being Mrs. Fice, Mr. Houston and Dr. Edwards. Dainty refreshments were served, and after a jolly dance the guests separated, wishing Mr. and Mrs. McEachren many years of happiness. Mr. and Mrs. McEachren received a number of handsome presents. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Yeigh, Mr. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. McEachren, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. B. King, Mrs. McKendrick, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Munro, Mrs. and Miss McCutcheon, Dr. and Mr. Clouse, and Mr. Charles McEachren.

Mr. Ernest Rolph, whose friends were all full of sympathy in his sad bereavement, were distressed to hear that he is ill at his uncle's residence with typhoid. At time of writing the physician pronounces his symptoms very favorable. His sweet young wife, whose death at Fort McLeod and funeral here recently made so many sad, was laid to rest surrounded by exquisite flowers, and truly mourned by a large circle who little more than six months ago wished her joy on her bridal day.

The farewell luncheon given by the directorate of the Toronto Battalion of the Boys' Brigade to Lord Aberdeen last Saturday was an informal and very well arranged affair. Webb's upper dining-room was set with horse-shoe tables, and His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen had at their division Miss Mowat, Senator Vidal, the veteran who has always been the boys' champion and whose son-in-law, Mr. Nisbett, is official secretary to the order; Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Rutter. The tables were handsomely done in white chrysanthemums, and the pretty menu cards were tied with turquoise ribbons, the feast which they set forth in order being excellently and expeditiously served. The Aberdeen piper, all in Gordon tartan, came stepping bravely up the vacant space between the tables and played lustily as he marched. He is a fine, handsome Scot, and carries his picturesque garb to perfection. The usual hand-shaking preceded and finished the luncheon, when His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen were graciously pleased to hold a little informal reception. The guard of honor had a jolly time lunching in the dining-room on the second floor, and looked very trim and martial as they awaited their precious charges. Whatever one thinks of the various schemes floated nowadays for the betterment of the young folks, there can be only one opinion and wish regarding the Boys' Brigade. 'Tis a good thing—push it along.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson have removed from Rose avenue to their new residence, 231 Wellesley street, where Mrs. Hutchinson will be at home on the first and second Wednesdays of the month.

Miss Elizabeth King is visiting in Chicago and Peoria, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed have rented their pretty cottage, corner Bloor and Jarvis, and are boarding for the winter at Mrs. Meade's.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Cawthra and Miss Perkins returned to Yeaddon Hall on Tuesday.

Squaw winter set in on Wednesday. Indian summer will, let us hope, be promptly on hand as usual to follow.

Mrs. Sigmund Samuel will hold her post-nuptial reception on Thursday afternoon, November 17, at her pretty bridal

home, 21 Madison avenue, and will receive during the winter on the first Friday in the month. Mrs. Samuel is a most charming and cultured lady from London, England, who will be an acquisition to Toronto society.

Mrs. Dan Scott will hold her post-nuptial reception at 110 Borden street on Thursday and Friday, November 17 and 18.

The *Bal Poudre* is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick. Lady Edgar, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. M. Boulton, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. G. Gooderham, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Montzambert, Mrs. E. B. Oler, Mrs. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. A. B. Pellatt, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. A. Temple, Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Mrs. Kirkland are the lady patronesses. The date of the ball is December 6, and as usual it will be given in the Pavilion.

Last week's *debutante*, Miss May Kirkland, was greeted by a very large number of ladies on her entrance into society at the tea given for her by her mother on Thursday week. Mrs. Kirkland, in a rich gown of black, with bodice of white *mousseline de soie*, daintily embroidered, presented the dashing young lady, who made her *debut* amid many honest compliments on her unaffected and pleasant manner and charming appearance. One of the prettiest and lightest conceits of a gown, silky sheer *mousseline* over white silk, lightly trimmed with ribbons, and set off by a sheaf of white roses, proved most becoming, and was very gracefully worn. In the dining-room a table all in white and green was loaded with good things, Miss Zulu Buchanan and Miss Kingsmill presiding. The lovely gowns worn by most of the guests made a very striking picture, Mrs. Riddell in dove gray satin looking particularly smart. Mrs. Kirkland numbers many friends in the west and far north, where she has resided since her marriage, and as all things come to the center, so all persons have a knack of meeting in Toronto. A group of Winnipeggers, a merry party of ex-Chathamites, exchanging reminiscent remarks, were noticed at this very smart and jolly tea.

At noon on Wednesday, October 26, at Restoule, the residence of Mr. T. E. Even, Belleville, his eldest daughter, Miss Lillian M., was married to Mr. William C. Mikel, B.C.L., barrister-at-law of Belleville, by Rev. T. J. Thompson, pastor of John street Presbyterian church. The bride wore a gown of ivory tulle trimmed with lace applique and pearls, and a veil of tulle arranged over a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Elsie Even, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid in a dainty gown of white Irish poplin trimmed with chiffon and narrow pink ribbon. Mr. D. Hoey, barrister of Cobourg, cousin of the groom, was best man. The presents were numerous and handsome. After breakfast the happy couple left for a trip to Detroit and other western points.

Mrs. George Howland (nee Kirkpatrick) held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday of this week. Mrs. J. Russell Starr also received on the same days.

Mrs. and Miss Geary, and Mr. Reginald Geary, have taken up house at No. 46 Avenue road, where Mrs. Geary receives on Fridays. Miss Geary has been for some time laid up with a sprained ankle, but is now much better.

Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines was in town this week on a flying visit.

Mrs. Renwick of Hamilton spent the week-end in town and left for home on Monday evening.

Horse Show parties have been made up this week for the great autumn event in Gotham, which opens on Monday.

Mrs. Gooderham and Miss Gooderham of Waveney went to New York this week for a sojourn of some three weeks.

Mrs. H. W. Davies and Miss Emilie L. Davies have taken apartments at 480 Ontario street for the winter, where they are at home on Wednesday.

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residence at the Russell. The Shakespeare Club, of which Lady de Lotbiniere is the president, will shortly commence weekly readings.

Mr. and Mrs. George Perley, their daughters and Miss Blackstock sailed on Saturday for Europe, where they will spend the winter in traveling. Their handsome house on Metcalfe street will be occupied during the winter by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Farmer.

Miss May Harris of Kingston is in town staying with her aunt, Mrs. Dale Harris of McLaren street.

Capt. Bell, A.D.C. to General Hutton, returned on Monday from New York, where he has spent the past week.

Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, with his wife and daughters, sailed for the Old Country on Saturday. They will not return before the New Year.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, paid the Capital a flying visit this week, and during his visit stayed with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Miss Lily Fraser returns this week from Toronto, where she has been spending some weeks at Government House.

Mr. Arthur Guise, Lord Minto's private secretary, has arrived in town and is busily engaged in having everything in order for the new regime. Mr. Guise attracted a lot of attention at the reception in the Senate Chamber last week. He is a tall, handsome man with a clever face and a distinctly *distingue tout ensemble*.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier leave next week for Washington, where the Conference resumes its work. They will be accompanied by Miss Mary Scott, daughter of the Secretary of State.

Miss Wisdom left on Monday for Toronto to join the Countess of Aberdeen. Miss Clarke of Crichton Lodge was the hostess at a farewell tea in her honor on Saturday. The guests were received in the drawing-room by Miss Clarke. The dainty table, over which Miss Jessie Clarke charmingly dispensed tea, was laid in the dining-room. Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Edward Grant, Misses Fielding,

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A SECRET.

BY J. A. FLYNN.

WHEN Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They're all nice girls in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them; but they aren't Doris. She was always my favorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was the art of her mother to teach her to say, "nice uncle!" before she could toddle; but she did, and that settled the question of favoritism.

Doris is a romantic young person, with a weakness for writing poetry, and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

"Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault—"

"He hasn't," she assured me.

"Well, if he had, it would be a tendency to extravagance. It is much better that he should understate the resources of the establishment." So at last she consented. I always had a good bit of influence over her.

When they had been married about fifteen months she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three times, and termed me "dear old uncle" twice; so I knew that she had come to propose something preposterous.

"Well, madame," I enquired, crossing my legs and folding my hands judicially, "may I ask the real purport of this demonstration?"

She traced the pattern of the carpet thoughtfully with her parasol. "It is getting rather worn," she said, "and the pattern is too small. I should have a warmer color next time if I were you; and—oh!—I came to propose something."

"Yes, my dear," I said calmly, "I could have told you that."

"You are so clever," she said, enthusiastically, "that I don't believe anyone could deceive you."

"I begin to suspect a very wild proposal," I informed her.

"You are horrid," she retorted, "but—"

"Well?"

"I really did want to pay you one compliment, if you hadn't stopped me." She traced the pattern again.

"By all means."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is very kind of you, uncle, really. I don't mean that for flattery." She touched my arm with her tiny gloved hand and I patted it. "You were right, I was going to own, about keeping it secret."

"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked, with alarm. He is an unusually nice fellow, and had seemed quite steady since the marriage.

"Oh, dear, no!" she cried. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Then how is my wisdom proved?"

"I am going to explain. You—you won't be cross—or satirical—will you, uncle dear?" She leaned eagerly towards me, with her head a little on one side. She is nice to look at.

"I hope not."

"Promise."

"Very well. I promise not to be cross or satirical; but, of course, I may object."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?"

"Ye-es. Go on, my dear." They're rather of the dabby order to my mind.

"I call them beautiful; but they won't have them at the Academy—I'm sure it's only jealousy—and he can't sell them often, you know."

"Unph!" I thought she wanted me to purchase them!

"I want you to get an agent to buy some—with my allowance—which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and the baby, with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and—do so want to—uncle—dear." She paused for breath, with her big eyes looking so entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man, without being a great artist," I said at last. "I don't know that he deserves any more good fortune."

"It would please me, uncle."

"My dear child, the allowance is to be spent entirely at your own discretion."

"But you wouldn't mind, would you?" I watched her eager face admiringly.

"No, my dear," I told her, "I shouldn't mind. It's a very good plan—of a very good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest that one of my clerks might come in.

Doris' plans were duly carried out—they masterpieces for £215. The agent evidently thought that we were a pair of lunatics, but he promised to send Harry a cheque for the amount, less the commission, at once, and as we found afterwards, kept his word. Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of her small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to her, though he seemed very jubilant. So we felt sure that he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I began to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from

Doris, you must understand."

"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands, and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my old daubs," he continued, with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall. So I want to do something for Doris with the money."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called Rose-leaves—not half bad either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house—and husband."

"Certainly, but they were published at her own risk—or—?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so. Ninety-five pounds old I had to pay for excess of cost over receipts."

"It has always been a sad point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy up the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but I managed to control my countenance.

"A splendid idea, and does you great credit," I told him.

We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a cheque went to Doris from her publishers for £202 18s. 6d.

She came around just before dinner next day to tell me; but, to my surprise, she seemed very dismal. After a few minutes' gloomy conversation, she sat down on the rug at my feet as she used to do when she was a child, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and—and—I looked in his cheque book—and—and he's spent it all. I know it is on—some one else."

I was, for a moment, completely at a loss what to do or say. Then I resolved to pooh-pooh the matter.

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said, cheerily. "Come, come, dear, you mustn't give way like this."

"I wouldn't have cared for myself if he had just bought something for the dear little baby," she continued, huskily.

"Give him a little more time," I suggested. "Meanwhile, I'll see what I can find out. I shall see him at the club this evening, if you will let him out."

"He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said, scornfully. "I don't want him."

"Don't be a little donkey," I said, sharply. "I seldom speak sharply to Doris. If I do she generally cries and makes me feel a brute. On this occasion, however, it acted as a tonic."

"Men are all wicked, deceitful creatures," she pronounced, emphatically. "I suppose you and he will make up some fine story to put me off. But I won't believe a word of it—so there!" And she bounced out.

I went around to the club after dinner, and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I had expected. He was very dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle, Doris hasn't said a word about the cheque for the poems. I thought perhaps, she hadn't opened the letter—you know she's jolly careless about such things—so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't—but the envelope was. So was her cheque-book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it, and found she had a lot of money I knew nothing of, and had just paid a cheque for over a couple of hundred."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely don't suspect her of anything wrong?"

"Wrong—certainly not; foolish—nothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely.

"You fellows are missing the best game of the season," said that interfering ass, Dobson, appearing at the corner of the alcove. "Harris has just made forty-three." So we went to look at the play. At least, I did. When I turned to speak to Harry he had bolted.

I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left, and took a cab to their house, resolved to have done with secrets. The truth might hurt their vanity; but they'd have to put up with that. When I entered the drawing-room they were both there, and I plunged at once into the matter.

"Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry put his arm around her, and they looked at one another and laughed.

"I've found out," said he.

"So," she said, "have I. I think you're a pair of wicked, deceitful creatures; and I should be very cross, if—if I didn't like you both so much."

The Three Stages.

For the early stage, Scott's Emulsion is a cure. For the second stage, it cures many. And for the last stages of consumption it soothes the cough and prolongs the life.

The Tutor.

Carolyn Wells in Life. A tutor who tooted the flute, Tried to teach two young tooters to toot; Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot or to tutor?"

A Voice.

Two young men met on the avenue, exchanged glances of recognition and surprise, then grasped hands, with the usual exclamations.

"Why, is it you?"

"I can hardly believe it."

"Where did you come from?"

"Did you drop out of the skies?"

And as they walked along together Malcolm, the elder of the two, added:

"It is good for sore eyes to see you, Jack. I thought you were in Paris."

"And so I was until last week," said Jack. "I've been there a year. Think of that! A whole year away from Alice!"

At the mere mention of her name the swiftly passing faces of the crowd merged into the memory of her face, sweet, oval, blue-eyed, red-lipped, rose-tinted, and crowned with golden hair.

"I suppose you have a marvelous story to tell of medals, high honors, wonderful successes there in Paris," said his friend's voice, breaking through his day-dream.

Jack laughed. "Hardly that," said he, "but honorable mention, a picture hung, not quite in the clouds, a compliment now and then from masters, praising values or the excellence of mezzotints, with a round sum for a Greuze or so copied from the Louvre to keep the pot boiling, and that is about all."

He buttoned his overcoat closer about his throat.

"What beastly weather you have here in New York!" he grumbled; then his boyish face lit up with a smile like sunshine. "But I shall not have to endure it long," he exulted. "To-morrow—that is all—then off for the sunny Southland—and Alice!"

"Do you know," he went on, after an ecstatic moment of silence, "I haven't heard from the dear girl for ages! There was a letter a few months ago. Something about the dear old place having to go for mortgages, and a little foolish talk of training her voice for the stage; then silence like the grave. . . . I have an idea the child is working her precious fingers off, trying to support her mother; but never mind, we will change all that."

The look on his face was so radiant that a pretty girl, passing by, smiled brightly back at him.

"To-morrow," he said, tossing his head in glad anticipation, "I shall be on my way to her. Good-by, then, to New York and snowdrifts. By to-morrow night I shall be a long way on my road to the South—and Alice!"

After a while he continued:

"Why, old fellow, don't you know the roses are blooming down there by this time, and they are eating strawberries picked out of the garden—the people, I mean, not the roses. Think of that! And, more wonderful still, there are orange blossoms in bloom there—thick! Orange blossoms!"

He lingered tenderly over the magic words, while before him floated a vision in diaphanous tulle, and a wedding veil fastened to a golden head by those orange blossoms which bloomed so luxuriantly in the balmy southern country.

Malcolm stopped before a phonographic parlor.

"Come," said he, "shall we go in here and listen to the music? We can be warming meanwhile."

Jack followed him and they presently stood before a huge phonograph.

A resonant male voice, accompanied by a frenzied banjo, was just finishing the chorus:

Oh, I don't know, you ain't so warm, There are other coons as warm as you.

They listened smilingly. Then there was a pause; and chatting together, they failed to catch the announced name of the next singer, turning only in time to catch the words, "By the Phonograph Company of New York City," automatically rattled off



Put Out By a Little Thing.

What looks to be a speck on the ocean's horizon may prove to be the largest vessel afloat. So with the little disease whose dangerous aspect you laugh to scorn. Its present proportions are not very fearsome. Let it once get a foothold in your system and its size will increase like an on-coming train.

Many a promising career has been ended, and many a strong life's flame has been put out by such a little thing. That attack of Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Constipation, and any of the many common ills may become serious diseases. Stamp them out of your system and prevent their return by the daily use of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

A teaspoonful taken every morning before breakfast will keep you in excellent health and spirits and prevent these many ills.

All druggists sell this standard English preparation at 60 cents a large bottle. Trial size 25 cents.

so rapidly that the last three all ran into one.

After a short prelude a girlish voice, soft, full, mellow, commenced to sing Nellie Gray.

Jack started and paled.

He approached nearer to the phonograph. "Stand back!" ordered the manager. "You can hear quite as well at a distance. Stand back."

Jack moved a little farther off, listening, the color coming and going with each word of the dear old song.

How could it be possible that it was Alice's voice? And yet—he could have sworn it! He had heard her sing that song a hundred times—a thousand times!

He remembered the talk of training her voice for the stage. Perhaps she was here in New York, now, singing at some concert hall!

Oh, if she were, what happiness! He could see her at once. There would be no need then of the long, weary days of travel and waiting.

He could scarcely wait until the song was finished and the tender voice had died away in the plaintive chorus:

Oh, my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken her away;

And I'll never see my darling any more. They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away;

To toil in the cotton and the cane, before he rushed up to the manager and demanded to know the name of the singer.

The man waited an interminable length of time, Jack thought, before he answered. "Didn't you hear the name announced?" he asked. "That is Miss Alice Loveland, a southern girl who came to New York with a fortune in her voice."

"Yes, and—?" panted Jack, impatient of his intolerable slowness of speech.

"And died of the change of climate—pneumonia or something—just faded away, like any other southern flower would have done brought suddenly into the cold."

But for Jack the world had grown dark. There was a rush as of many waters, then silence; and Malcolm bent over his prostrate form trying, yet dreading, to bring him back to consciousness.—Vogue.

Impoverished Blood.

A Condition That Frequently Causes Much Suffering.

Mrs. Henry Gifford of Kentville Proves the Value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in This Condition.

From the Acadia, Wolfville, N.S.

The case of Mrs. Henry Gifford of Kentville, who some time ago was cured of a distressing malady through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is of peculiar value as illustrating the rapidity with which this remarkable medicine operates.

A representative of the Acadia who called upon Mrs. Gifford the other day to elicit information concerning her cure, found her to be a very intelligent lady, and a hearty advocate of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Upon learning the object of his call Mrs. Gifford expressed herself as pleased at the prospect of having an opportunity to give publicity to her remarkable cure. "I have told all my friends about it," she said, "but have often felt that it was my duty to have a statement of my case published in the papers. Three years ago this spring my system was in a badly run down state. In this condition I was attacked by a heavy cold and an enlarged tonsil of great size and extreme painfulness was the result. For nine weary months I was unable to turn my head, and my health became such that I could not exert myself in the least. Several physicians were consulted, but without the slightest benefit. The swelling was finally lanced, but the operation only aggravated the matter as my blood was so impoverished that the incision did not heal but developed into a running sore. Despondency seized me and at times I almost wished that I was dead. At last by a happy chance I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using a few boxes the swelling disappeared and perfect health and buoyancy of spirits returned." Since that time Mrs. Gifford has had implicit confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and has used them for any physical disorder of herself or children with the same happy results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade-mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade-mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Her Husband.

ROBERT M'DONALD IN MUNSEY'S.

WE were dining at the Savoy in London, and I was staring about me at the beautiful English women in the evening dress which is so strange to American eyes in a public restaurant. It was a gay scene, and I enjoyed its full flavor.

I liked London. I had been there exactly three hours, but the peculiar atmosphere of the place, the Embankment with the strings of barges on the little, slow river, the great Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square—with its lions, the cabs—were all old friends. Like everybody else in America I was saturated with English literature, and as most of us need to have a thing described to us before we can see it, though it be before our eyes, I really felt that I knew London better than New York. I had read more about it.

The man who sat opposite me smiled now and then in vast and beautiful content. He had told stories of Australia, where he had been for three years. He had had important business in San Fran-

"From Ocean to Ocean"



Is indispensable. It makes the cup that cheers, in the homes of the rich and poor alike.

cisco and had come home that way—for England was home to him. That was about all I knew of him, except that he was brown of skin, deep of chest, and with honest eyes and a good laugh. One can't dislike a man with a real laugh. He had great tales of riding in Australia, of the red dust in the gold country, of the winds and the desolation. Evidently he had felt the tragedy as well as the comedy of his life. He was a likable chap, and I wished I knew more of him than that his name was Gordon.

We left the table presently and strolled down towards the Embankment with our cigars. It was the sort of night in which a man wants to confide in something. I didn't know much, but I felt like telling it. Perhaps I was hunting a leader when I said, "Odd a man who likes England as much as you do should have left it."

The answer I expected was that he had gone out to make money; and I had a tale of my own which hung on money. But he grew suddenly grave.

"I went to Australia for the same reason nine men out of ten do anything—a woman."

I waited a minute for something more, and then I could think of nothing more original than the old saw about a woman being at the bottom of everything.

"Certainly she was at the bottom of my going to Australia. I loved her too much to stay."

"Was she married?" I asked.

"She was—and to a confounded rake, a chap who ought to have been horse-whipped all over England. He drank, he raced, he gambled, he led her the devil of a life."

"That must have hurt."

"But not half as much as it hurt her."

"Do you think she loved you?"

"I know she did. That was the thing which finally gave me the courage to go away. There hasn't been a minute in these three years that I haven't known it, and it has made my life possible. If I hadn't known that she was here in this part of the world believing in me, trusting me, loving me, I'd have lost my head many's the time."

"And now?" I asked.

"Now I am going to see her again. She will be on the train from Paris which comes over that bridge there in just one little half hour. I haven't seen her for three years."

"I suppose her husband has died?" I ventured.

"No." He spoke with sternness.

"But—"

"There are no buts about it. We are going to pretend that drunken wretch is dead, and begin our lives all over again. We are going to take a yacht and poke its nose into every corner of the globe. I am going to take her out to Australia and show her some of those places where I suffered—and where the thought of her kept me alive."

"Do you think that is just fair to her? She may love you enough, but—"

"She's willing to risk life with me, and I am willing to risk it, although there was a time when I wasn't. When two people love each other as much as she and I do it overcomes everything."

I had liked the man so much that I hated to see him so wrong, and I made a final plea.

"But her husband? The man whose lawful wife she promised to be?"

He gave me a heavy grasp on the arm and burst into his happy, boyish laugh.

"But, man, I'm her husband! She's my wife!"

The Unfolding of a Bud.

By a Skeptic, in Life.

SCENE—Madame Gloss's Finishing School.

CHARACTERS—Madame Gloss and a Bud.

MADAME—We will take up our lesson at Elementary Emancipation. It is said that every man is a fool in his life some time.

How can you determine the particular instant of this particular time?

Bud—By cultivating a belief that it is from the time he is born until the time he is dead.

M—It is maintained by many eminent authorities that love is premeditated ignorance of what we don't believe about some

particular person. Does it follow that as acquaintance expands love will recede?

B—Not necessarily. Sometimes a man has more money than we think he has.

M—What is the prevailing masculine opinion of woman's intelligence?

B—That a woman's best understanding of wisdom is to play the fool at the right moment.

M—What is your resource in this extremity?

B—To play the right fool at the right moment.

M—What have you observed concerning the dispositions of men?

B—Many men hold strong opinions, strong opinions hold many men, and the others escape by reading the newspapers.

M—What is chivalry, as now recognized by the most ladylike authorities?

B—Chivalry is the privilege of a man to walk under a lady's instep without bumping his head.

M—What ideal have you formed of your future mate?

B—He will be handsome, and brave, and wise, and witty, and tender, and true, and—rich. It may be years, long years, but I feel that we shall meet at last.

M—And what of your life in the interval?

B—Oh, in the meantime, I presume I shall marry more or less.

Thousands of Days'...



"BELL" PIANOS

are the Pianos of to-day, their reputation being won now—the instruments being made now. They do not live on reputation gained in other days. While the "Bell" surpasses all other pianos in the quality of its tone, it also excels them in giving at the perfect imitations of the harp, mandolin, banjo, guitar, etc., which to many afford a great relief to the monotonous sweetness of the piano tone. The keyboard can also be used as a silent Practice Clavier with perfect piano touch. Call and hear these wonderful instruments at

BELL PIANO WAREROOMS:
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Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

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It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

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Coleman's Salt

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.

Marie Antoinette Coiffures.

HOW many conflicting opinions there are regarding Marie Antoinette! Frivolous and vain during her twenty years of triumph, strong and patient during her five years of torture, she seems to appeal constantly to new historians. Her extravagance knew no bounds, and the encouragement she gave to gambling and to the riotous display of fashion hastened the terrible French Revolution. It was she who answered the sad cry, "The people are starving for bread!" with, "Well, why don't they eat cake, then?" We quote an interesting chapter from the latest study on the unhappy Queen of France, by Clara Tschudi, translated from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope, and just published by Macmillan & Co.:

"Mademoiselle Bertin is to blame for the extravagant styles that came into vogue when Marie Antoinette and her ladies wore perfect towers of gauze, flowers and feathers, mixed among crimped hair, false curls and plaits.

"The most incredible things were to be seen on the head, and the designs, which were often from thirty to forty inches in height, represented whole biographies, a botanical garden, or mythological pictures and idylls—in short, the most remarkable conceptions.

"One lady wore a meadow, with two little lambs, a shepherd, a brook, a windmill and other things. Another had a head-dress that represented the four quarters of the globe, together with the sun, moon and stars. On the head of a third a parasol was arranged, which opened and closed according to sunshine or shade. A fourth wore a bird made of diamonds, with wings outspread over a full blown rose.

"Fresh styles were invented for every occasion. The Duchesse de Chartres appeared at a court ball with a man-of-war in full sail on her head, while another evening her hair-dresser allegorically represented her little son, Louis Philippe, sleeping in the lap of his nurse.

"The court friseur, Léonard, called himself *Académicien de coiffures et de modes*, and as all the grand ladies wished to have their hair dressed by him, they were often obliged to put themselves in his hands in the evening, or even the morning, before a *fete*, on which occasions they had to sit upright on a chair all night, in order not to disarrange his splendid works of art.

"These creations were most inconvenient either for walking or driving, and even doors had to be made higher to allow ladies to pass through them. Carriages were too low, and the occupants had to crouch or drive with their heads out of the window; others even knelt—all to take care of their wonderful headgear.

"Those who went on foot were liable to be caught by the bushes and boughs, like the actress, Madame de Genlis, who shared the fate of Absalom, when on a visit to Voltaire at Ferney, whilst hastening forward to greet the great man, she was caught by her hair, which remained hanging to a bough.

"If at a ball, it was impossible to walk a step without touching a lamp or a chandelier, while at the theater angry words, and even blows, were exchanged about these hairseafoaldings, which quite hid the stage and the actors. Attacks were made on the fashions in the comic papers of the day, but they produced no effect. One picture represented an inconsolable widow ordering an elegant coffin made of hair, and it is evident that many caricaturists distinctly copied the features of the Queen in their illustrations.

"Mademoiselle Bertin was content with no half measures, and every month, sometimes every week, she persuaded Léonard to increase the height of his coiffures.

"One day when Marie Antoinette entered her dressing-room, a servant appeared with a wooden stool, the use of which she did not understand.

"What is that for?" she asked of her maid.

The hair-dresser came forward, bowed, and represented humbly to Her Majesty that it was impossible for him to fasten her hair right up to the top without the help of a ladder. The Queen presented her mother with a picture which represented her with this extravagant notion, adorned with a feather more than a foot in length.

"Marie Antoinette took a lively interest in all questions of fashion, and there were times when she could talk of nothing but dress and ornament. The Comtesse de la Marck, who described the French Court at this period, says of her:

"The Queen goes incessantly to the opera and theaters, gets into debt, drives from one thing and another, bedizens herself with finery and feathers, and makes a fool of herself in every possible way."

"The example which she set had a bad effect on all ranks. Women belonging to the most different strata of society copied her, and strove to have the same style of hair-dressing, the same feathers, flowers and wreaths. Their expenses were thus considerably increased. Husbands and fathers complained, many rushed into debt, and domestic quarrels became frequent, estrangement and discord arose between couples who had been living comfortably together, but who now agreed to separate; and public opinion pointed to Marie Antoinette as the one who was ruining her sex by her bad example."

Cause and Effect.

A professor of natural science was discussing in a recent lesson the process of fertilizing plants by means of insects carrying the pollen from one plant to another. In order to amuse the class, he extended Darwin's illustration used in the Origin of Species, about the connection between cats and clover, and said that old maids were really the cause of it all. "The bumblebees carry the pollen," he declared; "the field mice destroy the nests of the bumblebees, therefore it is quite evident that the more field mice there are in any neighborhood, the fewer the bumblebees and the less pollen varia-

tion of plants. But cats devour field-mice, and old maids protect cats. Therefore, the more old maids, the more cats, the fewer field-mice, the more bumblebees. Hence," was the professor's triumphant conclusion, "old maids are the cause of variety in plants."

At this point a fashionable young freshman, with a single eyeglass and general appearance indicating that he was got up regardless of expense, arose and asked: "I s-a-y, professah, what is the cause—ah—of old maids—don't you know?" "Perhaps Miss Brown" (a quick-witted member of the class) "can tell you," suggested the professor. "Dudes!" said Miss Brown sharply, and without a moment's hesitation.

Why Jenner Wears a Guinea.

Sir William Jenner, the Queen's physician, wore at his watch-chain a guinea piece which bore a pleasant little history. One day he found among his patients in his consulting-room a humble carpenter. On remarking to the man that his disease had, through neglect of treatment, made great progress, he received the following reply:

"I have been waiting to see you for three years, sir."

"Why, my man?" queried the physician. "Couldn't you afford to come sooner?"

"Oh, yes," answered the carpenter; "but I could not get a gold guinea piece anywhere, and I heard that you'd take nothing else."

Sir William wears that guinea on his chain, but though he completely cured the patient in the course of eight months he never took another fee from the poor fellow who had tried so hard to find that guinea, and had waited so patiently to consult him.

The Cultivation of Self-Respect.

"Probably most parents, even very kind ones, would be a little startled at the assertion that a child ought never to be reproved in the presence of others," writes Mrs. J. H. Kellogg in the *New Crusader*. "This is so constant an occurrence that nobody thinks of noticing it; nobody thinks of considering whether it is right and best or not. But it is a great rudeness to a child. I am entirely sure that it ought never to be done. Mortification is a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that his mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good-will of her friends, that she will not

call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never, under any circumstances, allows herself to forget to tell him afterward, alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and while that child will lay those secret reproaches to heart, he will still be happy."

Russian Family Servants.

We were a family of eight, occasionally of ten or twelve, says Prince Kropotkin in the September *Atlantic*, but fifty servants at Moscow and half as many more in the country were considered not one too many. Four coachmen to attend a dozen horses, three cooks for the masters, and two more for the servants, a dozen men to wait upon us at dinner time, one man, plate in hand, standing behind each person seated at the table, and girls innumerable in the maidservants' room, but how could anyone do with less than this?

Besides, the ambition of every landed proprietor was that everything required for his household should be made at home by his "own" men.

"How nicely your piano is always tuned! I suppose Herr Schimmel must be your tuner?" one of the visitors would remark.

To be able to answer, "I have my own piano-tuner," was in those times the correct thing.

"What beautiful pastry!" the guests would exclaim, when a work of art, composed of ices and pastry, appeared toward the end of the dinner. "Confess, prince, that it comes from Tremble!" (the fashionable pastry-cook).

"It is my own confectioner, a pupil of Tremble, whom I have allowed to show what he can do," was the reply which elicited general admiration.

To have embroideries, harnesses, furniture, in fact, everything, made by one's "own" men, was the ideal of the rich and respected landed proprietor.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

General Sir Evelyn Wood



SIR EVELYN WOOD says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manoeuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well known Mariani Wine the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."

From "The London Sketch."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE DRAMA

THE presentation of Ours, Robertson's pretty comedy, by the Cummings Stock Company, with assistance and interpolations from members of our three crack regiments and Sergeant Beattie of Stanley Barracks, who conducted the physical drill of a squad from each regiment, drew a vast audience to the Princess Monday night. There was quality as well as quantity, for the Governor-General and party occupied one box, the Government House party were *vis-a-vis*, the Stanley Barracks officers were in a third, while the others were filled with brilliant groups in full evening toilette and mess uniforms. The boxes were festooned with Union Jacks, and the theater decorated with that most attractive finish, a good-natured and good-looking crowd. Ours only exacts a small cast, and the various roles were very well played by half a dozen members of the Cummings Company. Mr. Ralph Stuart, as Hugh Chalco, recipient of so many legacies, showed how a lazy and blasé millionaire may turn out a fine soldier and a very enterprising cook under the combined influence of love and patriotism. Mr. Cecil Kingstone was distinguished and handsome as the old Russian Prince whose roublestempted Blanche Haye, played by Nettie Marshall, to waver on the verge of disloyalty to herself and her manly young cousin-lover, Angus McAllister. A Highland officer who wins renown in the Crimea, and who was well played by Mr. Barry O'Neill. Sir Alexander and Lady Shendryn, a most unpleasantly assorted pair, were played by Mr. Robert Cummings and Miss Lillian Andrews. Sir Alexander wore a rifle uniform, and his lady a prodigious scowl. For bad-tempered jealousy she was a perfect model. Miss Florence Stone, who first despises and finally falls in love with Hugh Chalco, was winsome and pretty, but the audience loved Sergeant Jones, the worthy father of the twins, four singles, and one he hadn't seen. Mr. Thomas Grady's make-up as Jones was delightful, and the reckless way he swung his fists made the crowd roar with delight. The old lady of Auld Reekie who investigated Cluny Macpherson's costume would have had no curiosity unsatisfied. The stage settings were beautifully complete. The trickling spring pouring over the rocks, the leaf-strewn sod and the pretty sunlight and shadow through the vista of woods, were excellent; the second setting was a very pretty interior, and the glimpses of the troops marching to the war, which one got through a wide window, were the signal for cheers and applause all over the house. The third scene was a hut at the Crimea, with primitive toilette and culinary arrangements; the roasting of the loin of mutton under Captain Chalco's anxious care, with the concoction of a roly-poly by pretty Miss Stone, was very comical. The sword dance by a stalwart young Scot, which is an episode of the last act, was excellently done, Lord Aberdeen encoring it heartily. Mr. Bert Harvey sang a couple of comic songs, and the physical drill with rifles by men from the Q.O.R., R.G. and 18th Highlanders was applauded and encored enthusiastically.

Hall Caine, the novelist, has been induced to give a few entertainments before returning to England. These entertainments will be similar to those which Mr. Caine gave so successfully in Scotland last year, and consist in a species of



Mr. Hall Caine.

story telling. The story which Mr. Caine tells is entitled *Home, Sweet Home*, and is a simple fable in which humor and pathos are judiciously blended. Its telling occupies the entire evening. He appeared at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on Thursday evening before Gotham's Four Hundred, and Toronto people will be gratified to hear that Manager Suckling of Massey Music Hall has secured the famous author to give *Home, Sweet Home* at Massey Hall on Friday evening of next week. This event will excite a big interest.

World, Garnella and Mack at the To-

ronto Opera House this week are the hardest-worked comedians in the business. They are out of breath by the middle of the first act, get their second wind in the second act, and are completely exhausted by the end of the third. Hand-springs, hitch-and-kicks, dances, songs and rough-and-tumble bouts follow each other in breathless succession with a little acting in bare spots where it will squeeze in naturally. Whimsicalities, absurdities and ludicrous oddities punctuate the acrobatic specialties. There is noise, bustle, laughter and nonsense right through, and the thread of the thing except at extremely rare intervals is invisible. There is little that is vulgar and much that is genuinely funny. The scarecrow dance by Garnella, for instance, is one of the most ludicrous things imaginable. The show according to eminent critics who sit aloft is "all the money."

The engagement of Melbourne MacDowell and Blanche Walsh, a carefully selected company, at the Grand Opera House next week will be welcomed by those who appreciate bold dramatic plays, handsomely mounted and interpreted with intelligence and histrionic skill. They will present Fanny Davenport's grand production of Victorien Sardou's *Antony and Cleopatra*, *La Tosca*, and *Fedora*. *Cleopatra* still remains as a pleasant memory to all who witnessed the performance when last given in this city. From the first act to the very last, including the great storm episode, a series of charming Egyptian pictures will be presented. The reproduction of the famous *Cleopatra* barge, with its accompaniment of music, singing, crowds of swaying, adoring figures, armed Roman soldiers and brilliant colored surroundings, make a picture rarely witnessed on the stage. On Monday night they will appear in *La Tosca*, which will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee and Thursday evening. *Antony and Cleopatra* will be the bill on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee, and *Fedora* will receive a single performance on Saturday night.

Mr. Owen A. Smily in a programme of original sketches appeared in the Western Congregational church last Tuesday. Miss Hilda Davis, of whom a recent issue of the *New York Musical Courier* speaks in most eulogistic terms, made her debut upon this occasion. She met with a very flattering reception by the large audience. Mr. Smily left next day for the United States, where he has bookings for the entire months of November and December. He will be heard again in Toronto in January.

"The best that has been here in years," is what the Sussex, N.B., people said of the Kenney-Harvey entertainers, when they appeared there last summer. The canny Scot must also think they are all right, for the sergeants of the 18th Highlanders are reserving one hundred seats. Some



G. Le Roy Kenney.

novel effects will be introduced in their great military duet, for which men from the city regiments are rehearsing nightly. Variety will be added to the programme by Miss Ida McLean, John E. Turton, Will T. Harrison and Charles Musgrave's Orchestra. Plan opens on Monday morning at Whaley & Royce's. Entertainment will be given on Thursday evening next at the Pavilion.

Such critics as have already had the opportunity to pass judgment upon the *Wabash* are warm in their praises of the beauty and sustained interest of Joseph Arthur's new piece. Although he has gained an international reputation by his *Still Alarm*, *Blue Jeans*, and the *Cherry Pickers*, he is believed to be about to reach the acme of his fame in *On the Wabash*. It is just such a rugged spectacle of life as a sturdy fellow like Mr. Arthur would be expected to produce. He paints character with a broad brush, but he paints truth and makes horrors horrible and sweetness sweet. He has no liking for rhetoric, but obtains effective situations legitimately.

In a dramatic style and finish, his latest play is expected to occupy a place with *The Old Homestead* and *Shore Acres*, the pathetic excellence of both of which it is said to fully equal. It will be presented here upon an elaborate scenic scale next week at the Toronto Opera House.

Annie Russell and her companions in the notably fine cast that has been given to Catherine at the Garrick Theater, New York, are doing the fullest justice to that drama from the *Comedie Francaise*. A special attraction for women is the display of modish gowns. If they are over rich and ornate, it is at least an appreciated concession to the fair sex. Because *She Loved Him So*, and *Zaza*, adaptations from the French by Mr. Gillette and Mr. Belasco, are to follow.

Among recent play-titles copyrighted in the United States, were: *The Darkey Breach of Promise Case*, Spain vs. Cuba and United States; or, *Cuba in Peril*; *A Dose of His Own Medicine*, *The Texas Quaker*, *Falstaff Up to Date*, *The Ghost of an Idea*, *Railroad Porter's Eleven Days' Round Trip*, *The Cruise of the Polar Star*, *Uncle Sam in Action*, *The Union Signal*, and *Oh! Those Boarders*.

William H. Crane was never better supplied with good new plays, or at least, what appear to be good plays, than he is at present. The one he thinks most of is a modern comedy by Presley entitled *Worth a Million*. The Canadian writer, Gilbert Parker, author of the *Seeds of the Mighty*, has submitted an interesting

work, and a comedy by Clyde Fitch and Leo Detrichstein has been accepted.

F. Waverley Shipman reached Toronto this week after managing the tour of Annie Louise White and Lillie Kleiser. Mr. Shipman leaves at once to go in advance of the Harold Nelson Stock Co., which, after a successful stay of ten weeks in Winnipeg, goes on the road to the Pacific Coast.

A Brace of Partridges is the title of a brisk farce of English rural life that is said to run on and off, the great French farce, a very close race in New York. The company for A Brace of Partridges are imported from England. A trio of celebrated English beauties play the leading roles.

Mr. Frederic L. Abel, cellist, of Detroit, has been engaged by the Yunc Quartette to fill the place recently vacated by Mr. Heberlein, who has accepted an important appointment in New York as first cellist of the new permanent orchestra of which Mr. Emil Paar is director.

Francis Wilson has the following people with him in *The Little Corporal*: Lulu Glaser, Maud Lillian Berri, Allene Crater, Maude Bagley, Mathilde Preville, Florence Relae, Dennis O'Sullivan, Louis Casavant, John Brand, Alfred Holbrook and a chorus of forty-eight voices.

At a recent meeting of the French Society of Authors a resolution was adopted that hereafter the American rights to no French piece shall be sold to Augustin Daly. This action is taken on account of Daly's treatment of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Mr. James K. Hackett will appear at the Chestnut street Theater, Philadelphia, on Monday, November 21, in Anthony Hope's new play, *Rupert of Hentzau*, a sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This will be its first production on any stage.

Although slightly overshadowed by the military drama, *On the Wabash*, that opened the week at the Princess Theater, the Cummings Stock Company is attracting good houses with the production of *Hazel Kirke*.

E. H. Sothern's repertoire this season contains three plays, *The Adventures of Lady Ursula*, *A Colonial Girl*, and *The King's Musketeer*. His tour will commence on November 21 at Brooklyn.

The Lyceum Stock Company in New York is rehearsing *Trelawney of the Wells*, a comedy by Arthur W. Pinero, illustrative of bygone days in London theatrical affairs.

The *Geisha* has been a frequent visitor to the Grand for the past two seasons, and on the first three nights of this week came again and was welcomed by fair audiences.

After another week or two of *A Lady of Quality* at Wallack's, Julia Arthur will present *Ingonar*, and expects to make a New York run in the piece.

Julia Marlowe is to have a new play, the title of which is *The Manners of Good Society*. Reginald DeKoven helped on the writing of it.

Richard Mansfield was at one time, it is stated, in comic opera. This was at the Standard Theater, New York, in 1882.

Mme. Sofia Scialchi, the well known opera-singer, has been divorced from her husband, Count Lelli, in Italy.

Auguste Van Biehe, with his *Broken Melody*, that failed so signally here, is a big success in England.

Wilton Lackaye, the original stage Svengali, will shortly again star in Charles O'Malley.

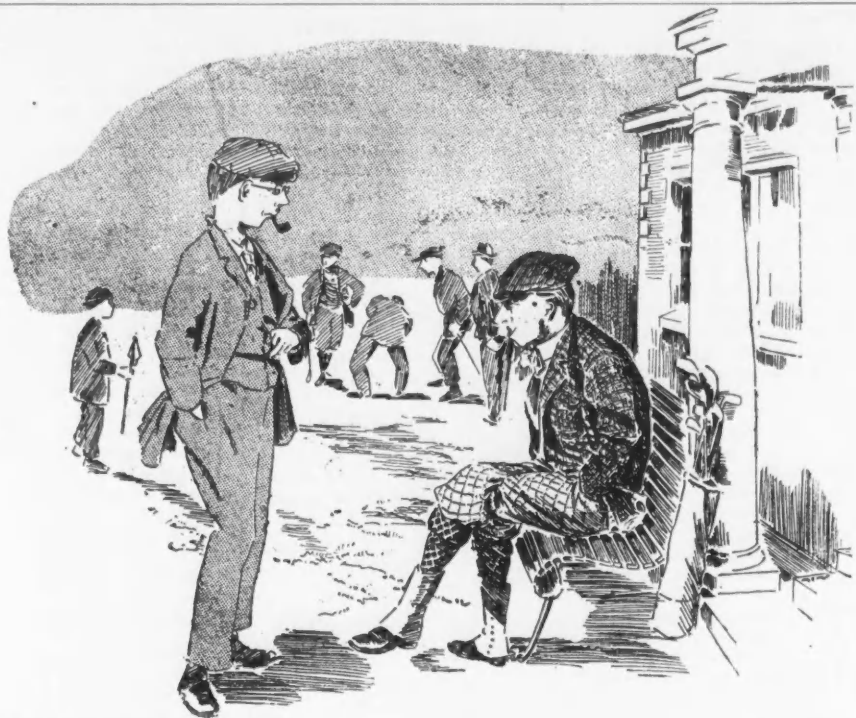
Rostand's new play about Napoleon for Sarah Bernhardt is called *L'Aiglon*, and is in blank verse.

A Misfit Marriage is the attraction at the Grand during the second half of the week.

Camille D'Arville, the prima donna, will not make her debut in vaudeville till next May.

Verdi, at the age of eighty-five, is reported to be working on two new operas.

Young man (dining at his club)—Don't you think, James, that these lonely diners at the club drive a number of men to matrimony? Waiter—Maybe, sir; but not so many as matrimony drives to the club!



"Aren't you going to play to-day?"
"That's just what I'm doing. I've been working at golf for a week, and I want a rest."—Pick Me Up.

To the Ottawa.

Century Magazine.

OUT of the northern wastes, lands of winter and death,
Regions of ruin and age, spaces of solitude lost,
You wash and thunder and sweep, and dream and sparkle
and creep.

Turbulent, luminous, large, scion of thunder and frost.
Down past woodland and waste, lone as the haunting of even,
Of shriveled and wind-moaning night, when winter hath wizened
the world—

Down past hamlet and town, by marshes, by forests that frown,
Brimming their desolate banks, your tides to the ocean are
hurled.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Sporting Comment.

NOT one of the senior Rugby games of last Saturday yielded a surprise, for in each case the team that had been called to win won with a few points to spare. Ottawa City defeated the Argonauts, Hamilton defeated Osgoode, Varsity defeated McGill, Ottawa College defeated Montreal. The expectation is strengthened that Ottawa City, Ottawa College and Varsity will win the championships of the three unions. Beyond that few prophets can be found to agree, each of the three clubs being confidently expected, by their friends, to land the Canadian championship. Against Ottawa City it may be granted at once that Varsity would be found deficient in weight and age and that the student scrimmage would be pushed all over the field by the Rough Riders, and the students might as well also confess that they cannot put much more weight in their front line without removing some of their smartest players and breaking up that combination upon which everything depends. The promised increase in weight will, therefore, probably not materialize. But the students do not despair. They saw the game at Hamilton and they know how strong, yet how imperfect, the Ottawa City team is, and they hope to win by attacking their weak points, not their strong ones. As a matter of fact, Queen's scrimmage pushed Varsity all over, and Capt. Burnside seemed to encourage his opponents in the delusion that this was their cinch and the thing they should persevere in—on his part scrimmaging the ball as if he liked it and hoped to gain something by it, yet all the time waiting for the favorable moment when some big kick-and-run play could be done by the half-backs and the wings. Possessing a great advantage in its forward line, Ottawa City will require to be wisely captained or this advantage will not be enough. Of the Ottawa College team I cannot say much, as I have not seen them play this year.

The McGill team used poor judgment against Varsity on Saturday, three times punting the ball over the dead line for one point, when in each case the opportunity gave promise of four points and possibility of six. Varsity always went after the biggest possible gain. The game was very open, and the feature of it was that, although played in the rain, not a single catch was missed. There was a great deal of sure work. The Osgoode-Hamilton game at Rosedale yielded a disappointment to the friends of the "legals." The general public expected Hamilton to win again, but not so the friends of the local club, who had seen Gleason do marvelous things in practice. The fact that more depends on team work than on the brilliance of individuals was shown to some extent by the fact that the Tigers gave Osgoode and Gleason a worse beating than they administered to Osgoode minus Gleason. Hamilton, without Council and Ripley, won with a better margin than they had in the previous game when both these men played. This seems to show that both teams are stronger without their best players.

Of the Argonauts I wish to say that they have given us an excellent illustration of the true sportsman's spirit, in one important regard at least. When Ottawa City was due to come to Rosedale a couple of weeks ago to meet the Argonauts, it was freely prophesied that the Toronto team would have the game called off, rather than go up against another certain defeat and a large expenditure of money. But the Argonauts played the

game, accepted the defeat, lost the money. The team has shirked none of its matches; the players and their supporters have gone into their pockets without saying much about it and have kept right on according to schedule. They went down to Ottawa last Saturday at much expense and accepted a crushing defeat, and if at the end of the season they have not won a game, they can say that they have not evaded an obligation. This is, of course, nothing more than right, yet it is a good deal more than we have been taught to expect from clubs that meet with continual defeat. The result will be that the Argonauts will possess the basis of a sound Rugby team for next year, having by its persistence and fidelity established the fact that it has gone into Rugby in the right spirit, and that behind it are the men who have made the Argonaut Rowing Club what it is. There is, I think, no measure to the satisfaction that lovers of amateur sport feel in witnessing the continued fidelity of the Argonauts to the game although unrewarded with a victory, and unencouraged of late by even the hope of winning a game.

Varsity goes to Queen's to-day, Osgoode to Ottawa, and the Argonauts will meet the Hamilton Tigers on the Varsity grounds on Bloor street. This game will commence at 2.45 o'clock. The way the Argonauts have stuck to the game entitles them to public support and, if the day is at all fine, they may expect a bigger crowd than at any previous game they have played in here.

Varsity will not discuss the question of a game with Osgoode for the city championship until after its match for the Canadian championship. If the students win the big event it will be quite unnecessary to play Osgoode, but if beaten by Ottawa City it may be considered advisable to meet the legalities.

One game of Rugby cost Carroll College, Wisconsin, the neat sum of \$5,000. It occurred in this way: Miss Anna M. Sackett, who died ten days ago, had made her will leaving \$5,000 to the college, but reading and hearing about rough football, she drove out to see a match and was horrified at the way players threw themselves on prostrate opponents. She drove home, changed her will and left nothing to the college.

THE UMPIRE.

On the Links.

THE championship of the Toronto Golf Club will be decided to-day. In the semi-finals Stewart Gordon defeated Vere Brown, and A. W. Smith beat W. A. H. Kerr. The honor rests, consequently, between Mr. Gordon and Mr. Smith.

The members of the Rosedale Club have been very busy recently. Last week the last of a series of matches to decide the winner for '97-'98 of the beautiful trophy presented for competition by Mr. McLaughlin was concluded. Mrs. J. Kay, president of the ladies' club, was successful in capturing it, greatly to the general satisfaction of all the fair ones. Mrs. Kay is a very popular member of the club, and even those who fought hard for possession were glad to see the trophy fall into her hands. It must be won three successive years by any one player before becoming the property of the winner.

Following that match was a handicap one for scores, which came off last Wednesday for a box of balls presented by Mrs. Kay. The donor did not enter for the event, and the prize fell to Mrs. Jackson, who has played well up to the front rank this season. A very jolly

tea at the club-house, with Mrs. Kay as hostess, followed the match. Two days later the married ladies played the singles, the match resulting in victory by 8 holes for the singles.

On Saturday a team from the Hamilton Golf Club came up and played the Rosedale men. It is very evident that the players on any home team have a tremendous advantage. Not long ago the Rosedale links by a number of holes, which had better be forgotten. The return match was played on the Hamilton links, and in spite of hard work and pretty low scores the visitors were four down. Last Saturday the Rosedale had their revenge and beat their rivals by 29 holes. All the visitors were down with the exception of E. Ferrie, who was 1 up over G. H. Moss, and F. G. H. Pattison who left Mr. Lyon 5 down. It seems to be a toss-up who is the better of these two crack players. Some say Mr. Lyon and others think Mr. Pattison, and as they keep on winning and losing alternately it is difficult to decide. In their numerous matches the Canadian champion has come out a winner oftenest, but the Cambridge champion runs him pretty close every time. For instance, in the last match Mr. Lyon's round cost him 82, which is much above his average score. Mr. Pattison took 78. Coming in, Mr. Lyon's score was 37 and Mr. Pattison's 38. They both played phenomenally well, beating or evening Bogle at nearly every hole. Four holes, down as Bogle 6, they each did in 4; and one Bogle 4 they did in (Pattison) 2 and (Lyon) 3. The day was anything but propitious for good scores. It rained in fits and starts during the whole match, and the ground was consequently very soggy and heavy. The teams were composed of: Rosedale—G. S. Lyon, Dr. F. H. Moss, R. S. Strath, J. E. Baillie, J. Dick, H. Muntz, C. E. Robin, G. H. Moss, J. Hutcheson, C. L. Clarke. Hamilton—F. G. Pattison, P. D. Crenar, John Crenar, F. Martin, E. Bristol, T. C. Haslett, C. Ferrie, E. Ferrie, E. H. Browne and D. Tate.

The links of the Toronto Club looked very gay on Tuesday afternoon when the ladies of the Feral Club turned out in full force to try for the handsome prize, a pretty gold bracelet of chaste design, studded with turquoise, presented jointly by Mrs. Oliver Macklem and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie. The match was a handicap one, and brought out some very good golf, which, with the help of her handicap, gave the match and the pretty prize to Miss Butler. Tea at the club-house, which was crowded with fair enthusiasts, finished a most pleasant day.

Mrs. Archie Campbell presented a beautiful little crimson Morocco score book with silver attachments and pencil in golf club design, to be played for by the Rosedale ladies on Monday last. It was a handicap event against Bogle, which for the ladies is 43. Miss Crease with a handicap of 11 won. She was 3 down. Miss Shanklin, Miss Audrey Smith and Miss Rose Davidson, all seven down, tied for second place, and instead of playing off agreed to divide the balls, which were given as second prize.

HAZARD.

Kicking a Corporation.

SO long as a ratepayer has but one vote and can use it but once a year he will always feel quite powerless to express his dissatisfaction with the aldermen or councillors who mismanage the affairs of his city, town or township. He knows that he can do but little, for his neighbors seem strangely inert and unobscured. In Toronto, for instance, nobody can be found, save the owners of cedar paving, who believe that cedar block paving should be laid on another foot of street because the roadway soon is as bad as the old corduroy roads—yet cedar blocks are now being laid on Queen street, one of the three main streets of the city. Nobody quite knows why Queen street west should be handicapped for the next seven years with this unsanitary corduroy pavement.

A genius in a small place in Australia (near Sydney) has come forward, however, inspired with a plan for getting even with the municipal authorities. Instead of merely voting and going about growling, he has begun posting printed notices on the trees in his garden and on the walls of his house, referring in heart-felt language to the incompetence of the municipal authorities. One poster speaks of the footpaths as composed of "clinder, slag and clinker made by antediluvian, under-headed dervishes to grind the hoofs of the ratepayers." Another refers to the council as "a Gorgon stalking hydra-headed through the land, gobbling up ratepayers while the victim surrenders with asinine servility." All day long the proprietor can be seen sitting on a log planning fresh insults, which he prints in the evening and nails up at night. The four sides of his rectangular holding are thus veneered with venom, so that it is impossible for a passing alderman or sanitary officer to approach from any direction without learning something fresh. This man is reckoned the happiest man in Australia. He has discovered an art whose very possibility has long been denied—the art of kicking a corporation. The idea may recommend itself to local ratepayers.

Old Gentleman (dictating an indignant letter)—Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you; I, being a gentleman, cannot think it; but you, being a gentleman, can easily guess my thoughts.

Bilkins—W. A. H. Moss, who was 1 up over G. H. Moss, and F. G. H. Pattison who left Mr. Lyon 5 down. It seems to be a toss-up who is the better of these two crack players.

"It's all up with us now," he remarked, as he raised the umbrella. "No," she replied; "you mean it is all over between us." And if it was not laughter that shook the ribs of the umbrella, it must have been the wind.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In this Age of Science.

By G. F. R.

AR. THURBER, (Ph. D., Breslau), dean of the faculty of the Interstate School of Science, loved botany and pretty Mrs. Thurber. Public opinion differed as to the order of precedence of these two delightful subjects in the Professor's thought.

He certainly spent more time with his microscope. But then Mrs. Thurber had the students. The students were young, so was Mrs. Thurber. The study of botany dates back to Eden, and to that interesting discussion on the tree that was in the midst of the garden. "Dr. Thurber was old. He was likewise bent from looking too minutely into the mysteries of nature, and the work connected with his wonderful 'Treatise on the Protoplasmic Movements in Plant Cells' had materially affected his eyes. Even the students saw that. They said he was blind to Mrs. Thurber's perfections. One of them—Jack Cortland—told her this, and asked her why she had married that old fossil.

Which was most irregular. It was not for this that young Cortland had been invited to the Professor's. But after dancing several times with Mrs. Thurber at the students' annual ball—the Professor didn't dance, not even attendance—Jack had developed such a love of botany, and such an interest in the Professor's pet theory of variations in corollas, that he frequently spent whole afternoons in the Professor's garden.

It was on one of these occasions that she listened—not without expostulation (mild)—to this handsome young scientist call his professor, and her husband, an old fossil.

Mrs. Thurber turned her head and looked across the garden toward her lord and master.

His was certainly an odd figure bending over the nasturtiums. A broad-brimmed straw hat, a wizened face, a long linen duster, carpet slippers—this is what she saw. And yet the faculty of Breslau University had applauded "Herr Doctor" when he had finished reading his remarkable Thesis. And ten years ago, when she was a girl of twenty, her father had said, "Well, Belle, he's certainly not young or handsome, but he'll give you a good home, a good position, and, in short, my girl, you might do a deuced sight worse than marry my old friend Thurber."

For ten years she had gone where she pleased, had what she pleased, and been but slightly inconvenienced by the attentions of her learned husband.

It was this recollection that caused Mrs. Thurber to turn to Jack and—Jack had gone.

II.

THE villain—otherwise Mr. John Cortland—had that peculiar form of asininity that shows itself in a marked preference for married women. He was a rich man's son, and loved, not wisely, for safety. However, the poor little Thurber woman didn't know this. So she wrote passionate notes to him because she was in love for the first time, and he answered in equally passionate, though for literary style far superior, notes because he wanted the practice.

While the teacher was in his laboratory his favorite pupil was entertaining the wife in the drawing-room and making her life miserable.

This went on for nearly a year. The students talked about it—Cortland saw to that. The women talked about it—they

always do. Even the faculty discussed it, of course in a high and lofty spirit. "The poor dean and his domestic relations," "That young puppy, Cortland," "What a pity he didn't leave himself open to expulsion." And they all agreed that someone ought to tell the Professor of Botany. And they also agreed in declaring it to be a most disagreeable and painful undertaking.

One evening Dr. Bagster, the bacteriologist, a brave man who had done valiant battle with microbes, decided to inform his friend and colleague of the dangerous society of his home. He sought out Prof. Thurber, who was working late in the college laboratory, and found him watching a rabbit die.

"Well, Thurber, what is it? Germs?" "Ah, my dear Dr. Bagster, how opportune. You are just the man I want. I have just completed a rather—ah—interesting experiment, interesting to you especially. I may say—ah—doctor—that it is a little discovery of my own."

This with a modest smile and a deprecating wave of the hand.

"I have here," picking up a bottle of clear liquid, "a solution, the formula of which I may say is at present unknown to chemists. I have here—the Professor was now the scientific lecturer—"some clover which has been watered by this solution alone. You will notice that the flower is particularly large and showy, and if you will be kind enough, Dr. Bagster—ah—yes, I see that you notice its extraordinary fragrance. The rabbit you see on the table died a few moments after eating one head of the clover, and yet the bees in that jar have been for some days extracting the honey from the same flowers. Somewhat—ah—may I say remarkable, is it not, doctor? The honey in this clover, while it is death to the larger animal, appears to be quite innocuous to the bees. It is still more remarkable that I have some honey here made by the bees from this clover. One half a gram of this was used by me yesterday to kill a dog. How—ah—wonderful is nature, Dr. Bagster."

And so it came to pass that in discussing this new and interesting experiment the Professor of Bacteriology entirely forgot the object of his visit.

III.

NOW it has undoubtedly occurred to the savage reader who has revelled in Grant Allen and Dr. Conan Doyle, that a connection exists between the poisoned honey and the so far unpoisoned honeyed bliss of Mrs. Thurber and her lover. Such a connection must exist, or why the physiological digression? Thurber, the botanist, is also old Thurber, the blind husband.

The dead dog in the laboratory, and the young dog who fawns on Mrs. Thurber. However, the *modus operandi* is difficult to discover.

Professor Thurber works for a year on a totally new and original method of revenge. He waters the clover in his garden with his new solution. The bees eat, thrive, and produce honey.

One evening, when the Professor is away, Mrs. Thurber, in the old historic way, eats honey and gives to Jack to eat.

They die to slow music and the humming of the unharmed bees. The outraged husband is avenged. But this method has its drawbacks.

There is the post-mortem and there are the neighbors' bees. The first difficulty may be got rid of by making the honey-poison of such a nature that it leaves no trace of its workings on or inside the victims.

But the neighbors' bees. It is practi-

cally impossible to fence them out. They come over the fence into the Thurbers' garden—there's no use following that up. It would be too much of a general slaughter. That sort of wholesale business would be ungrateful, unnecessary and totally inartistic.

The honey idea must be abandoned. Suppose the old Histologist or Nemesis makes the solution a little stronger and puts it on a rose-bush in the conservatory (the most casual reader must see the necessity of putting the rose-bush in the conservatory). The Professor for the first time in thirteen years opens his house for a ball. The guests arrive. Among them the villain. During the evening the guilty wife plucks the most beautiful and fragrant rose she can find and gives it to the arch-enemy. He presses it to his lips, the subtle and penetrating odor rises through his nostrils and the Professor is avenged.

How's that?

N.B.—The great advantage of this kind of story is the ease with which it adapts itself to personal tastes. For instance, the depraved reader who does not see the necessity for high moral teaching in the art of fiction can arrange it so that the old fossil is suffocated in his laboratory by the fumes of the poison with which he is experimenting.

After that the disposing of the wife and her lover is easy.

But if it's just the same to you, we would prefer the villain to die.

Orillia, Ont., '98.

Deer Shooting in Ontario

Some Odds and Ends of Information and Opinion.

THE deer-hunting territory of Ontario practically comprises the wider land of the Trent Valley and north of that, the Bruce Peninsula, and Muskoka and Parry Sound. There are plenty of deer up in New Ontario in the north, the C. P. R. taking sportsmen up to Lake Nipissing and westward every year. About five hundred deer are annually brought down from Bruce. But the majority of the deer killed come from the woods of Muskoka and Parry Sound, and as far as Toronto is concerned these counties include the deer-hunting district of Ontario. The main points in this district are Gravenhurst, Bracebridge and Huntsville on the G.T.R., though, of course, almost every station on the line, after it enters the rock-country, sees groups of men in corduroy vests with brass buttons, descending to the platform and bustling in and out among the dogs and other baggage. Every man has his own special locality, hit upon perhaps by chance, but returned to often year after year with unwavering fidelity. The steamers on the Muskoka lakes run till the ice forms, and connection can be made with them. Cobocook, on Balsam Lake, north of Lindsay, and Haliburton are in the heart of the district north of the Trent Valley system of lakes and rivers. Algonquin Park, further to the north, is a million acres of wild land held by the Government as a preserve for fish and game, and no hunting is there permitted.

The open season for deer in Ontario is from November 1 to November 15, both days inclusive. No moose, elk, reindeer or caribou, however, may be hunted before October 25, 1900. Only two deer may be taken by one person. At first glance it would seem that deer are almost too well protected

and that sportsmen are not considered at all. But in those fifteen days is concentrated all the slaughter that might extend over a longer period. Except in the case of settlers and Indians in unorganized townships, who may kill for food at any time, a hunter's license is required. This, to residents of Ontario, costs two dollars; to non-residents twenty-five dollars. This license must be signed by the chief game warden and countersigned by the Provincial Secretary or his deputy.

Previous to 1883 there were no practical means of enforcing the game laws. Deer were shot out of season, in the water and in unlimited numbers, by every Tom, Dick and Harry who cared to borrow a rifle and go into the country. It was seen that the deer and other game would soon be exhausted in the more accessible parts of the province. In 1883, however, the present system of protecting game was inaugurated. There are now about five hundred deputy wardens under Chief Game Warden Tinsley in Ontario. This does not include the staff in Algonquin Park. These have power to arrest persons found violating the game laws, search any place where game is suspected of being hidden, and act as constables for the preservation of game generally. The result of this system of surveillance is most gratifying. Deer—all game, in fact, is multiplying. Mr. Tinsley, than whom there is no better authority in the province, declares that under the present law and with the present system of enforcing it, in the rocky counties of the north deer will last for all time. "Grouse, he says, are this year twenty times as plentiful as a few years back."

Muskoka and the neighboring district is composed mainly of rock and water. The hardy pine tree thrived and grew to splendid dimensions all over the country, but the first growth is nearly all cut off. When the remnant of the big timber still standing is removed there will be nothing in the country to attract lumbermen, settlers, or serious civilization of any kind. It will be a big playground and game preserve and good for nothing else. Small trees and bushes growing up when the pine is removed, provide better cover and food for game than the big timber. There is every reason then to suppose that deer will continue to increase in spite of the growing number of hunters. With the same protection given to moose and the other larger species, which are once more growing plentiful, but which are not to be hunted until 1900, they will also escape the extermination that threatened them a few years ago, and which has in fact overtaken them in many parts of the continent.

It is said that ten million dollars was spent last year in Maine by tourists and sportsmen. Game and fish in the State of Maine are becoming scarce. If Muskoka can preserve hers there is no reason why the greater part of this annual expenditure of ten million dollars cannot in time be diverted to Ontario. Michigan and Wisconsin will also play out in time, and Muskoka, if she preserves the game, will get the tourist business of those States. The Adirondacks of New York already contain more hunters than deer. The attraction that draws the generality of men in North America who take holidays, is the promise of fishing and shooting. It is apparent, then, that the people of Ontario generally, business men as well as sportsmen, are interested in the preservation of the game in Muskoka and other parts of the province.

Deer-hunting as practiced in this province is not deer-stalking. The hunters are stationed on "runways" or deer paths, generally where the path comes down to a lake. Dogs are turned into the woods some distance inland and, ranging through the bush, start the deer. They, escaping from the dogs, run into the muzzles of the hunters lying in ambush.

There is one thing about this method of hunting, however, that is growing more conspicuous year by year. Imagine a man lying perhaps for hours on a runway, chilled but patient, his nerves all on the tension waiting for the first rustle in the bushes to signal the approach of deer. When at last he hears the snapping of twigs and swish of branches up the path, the inexperienced man is apt to fire before he sees what it is that approaches. If, as is several times every year the case, it happens to be one of his friends coming to see how he is getting along, the effect is disastrous. Already this year there have been accidents of this kind reported. On a lake in Michigan two girls were shot by hunters. In the Parry Sound district a man was badly wounded last week. Doubtless, before the fifteenth there will be other cases. Many minor accidents are of course never heard of, while narrow escapes must be more frequent than even the parties themselves are aware of. As the number of hunters increases this danger will grow greater. The woods will become as dangerous for men as for deer. As the custom stands, there is nothing done about such accidents in the way of legal investigation. It is enough that it was a hunting mishap and took place outside the pale of civilization. Often the affair might be averted by the merest self-control and care. Similar carelessness in a city would occasion a trial for manslaughter. As long as there is no enquiry made into such accidents there will al-

ways be those who will fail to be impressed with the necessity of carefulness where their own skins are not endangered. "The criminal code should be amended to cover these cases," said Mr. Tinsley in a recent interview, and he is undoubtedly correct.

The deer now being shot in Ontario are the common red deer of eastern North America. Ammunition of all sizes between 32 and 45 is used. Provisions as a general thing are bought as near the locality in which the men are to hunt, as possible. Things in which quality make all the difference, such as tea, coffee, etc., are bought in the city, but it is more convenient to get the heavier things up country. Duffle is made as light and packed as closely as possible, as it often has to fit into a canoe and be carried over portages. Shanties are scattered all through the woods, the property of hunters, and in many places old deserted lumber camps, often with stoves, are found in good repair and used. These are warmer and more comfortable than tents in November, although a tent can be made very comfortable in a spot sheltered from the wind with a good log fire before the door. There is probably no more invigorating method of spending a couple of weeks than in a trip into the pine woods when the leaves are off the bushes in the fall; and whether a man brings home deer or not he has had a fine time and gathered the material for bigger yarns than his most credulous friends will believe.

The Black Prophet.

THE KHAN.

I know he'll come—I know he'll come—
I look for that time with dread,
When clouds of smoke old Dixie cloak
And the cotton-fields are red.
I watch to see his signal lights,
I mark for his bull-hide drums.
God help the whites in the torch-lit nights
When the fierce Black Prophet comes.

"Revenge!" his battle-cry afar
(Lo, see how the white folks wince),
Not for the scar before the war,
But the wrongs inflicted since;
Not for the days ere Lee went down,
But the days since Ham was free,
That he will down old Boston town
In the smoke of Tennessee!

The big canfields will furnish knives
And the forest arches tar,
With steel and torch to cut and scorch,
It is thus they'll go to war.
And dusky maids shall conch blow,
Boys beat the bull-hide drums.
The dead and gone shall hiss him on,
As the fierce Black Prophet comes.

The sea—the gulf—the Mississippi—
Shall bound his smoking trail;
Up north we'll hear—we need not fear—
The throb of his vengeful flail.
We'll hear his spear as through the drear,
Dark atmosphere it hums,
We'll feel the beat of a million feet
As the fierce Black Prophet comes!

I know he'll come—I know he'll come—
I look for that day with dread,
When clouds of smoke old Dixie cloak
And the cotton-fields are red.
I watch to see his signal lights,
I mark for his bull-hide drums.
God help the whites in the torch-lit nights
When the fierce Black Prophet comes!
—Globe.

Club Women.

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

"IHAVE had the most interesting morning. I have been sitting in a corner of the porch tending my flowers and hearing two men talk, quite forgetting that I was listening. Nothing that they said was so interesting to me as their silences. Sometimes they sat for five minutes in their chairs without speaking; then one would say something, and when he was quite ready to speak the other answered—not before. I feel as rested as if I'd been on a long voyage. I have never heard two women talk together in just that way." This was the testimony of a woman, not young, and privileged to be heeded by reason of her experience. She knew women as a woman who has lived in both the old life and the new must know them—the old life where clubs for women were not, the new life where they are. It seems not an improper division to let the club-line mark the difference between what was and what now is. Perhaps, too, there is no better place than one of these same women's clubs to test if it be true that habits of repose in social intercourse mark the caste of manhood more than the caste of womanhood. On entering almost any social club for women, one of the first peculiarities to be noted by the most casual eye is that a division into groups is the marked social feature of the room. These groups appear all more or less animated, and when one in a little circle gives a wandering attention, that is the general sign that she means to change her center, scaling off from the group where she is, and becoming a component part of another group. Watching yet more closely, it may be seen that she is arranging for something like the rush from point of safety to point of safety which children undertake in their games of "bases." Each group is a base wherein is security; the journey from one base to another has its own dangers. To be left by some inhospitable mischance *plante la* in the center of the

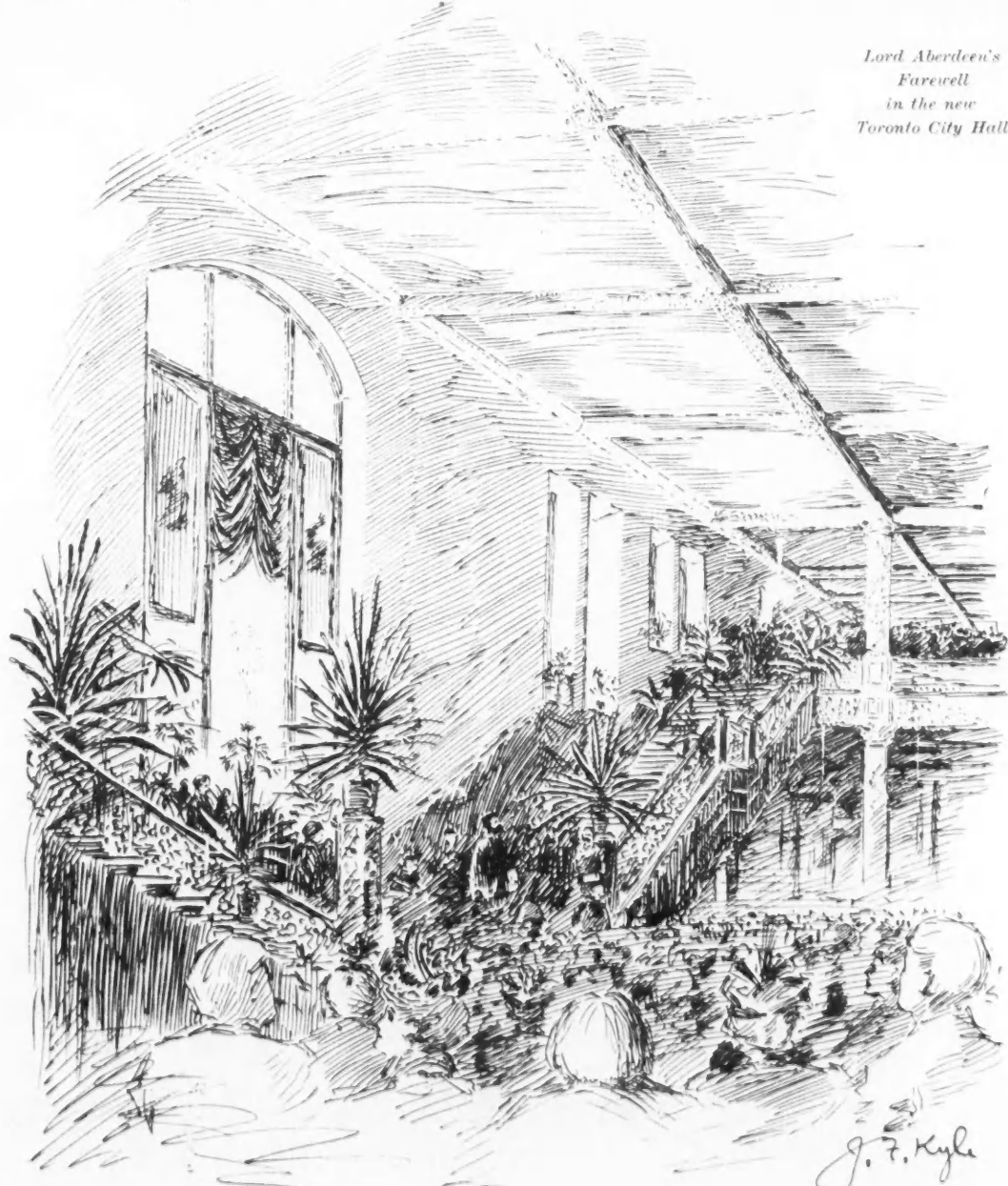
room, with no one to talk to, that is to be what in bases is called "out." There lies the great fear—no one to talk to, the chance of having to stand unsupported and alone. We have all smiled at the circus when we have seen the ring-master tenderly escorting the wiry feet of some rope-dancer across the sawdust. The young lady seems to us, and a moment later proves herself, pre-eminently fitted to take care of herself.

And there must arise something of this same feeling of amusement when we see women trained to walk any social tight-rope, and, indeed, even those women trained to climb to the giddy trapeze of a platform, uncomfortable in a roomful of women unless supported by the fact that someone is talking to them. It almost seems that a species of disgrace attaches of tradition to not talking or not being talked to, as if the real reason for standing apart must lie in the fact that nobody would speak to the sufferer. On the other hand, the most casual glance into a roomful of clubmen reveals quite another condition of affairs. When one member of this latter company stands with his hands behind him looking out of a window, or sits gazing into space, idly swinging one leg over the other, or as idly swinging his eye-glasses between his fingers, if he is noticed at all, his apertness is taken as a sign that he wishes to be let alone, not that he has been forced into this condition of isolation because nobody cares to speak to him. Unless the signs of enforced isolation were very marked, it would never occur to any one of his male companions to pity the unfortunate solitary, or go up to him kindly and sit pityingly beside him. If he did so, the chances are that he would be thoroughly snubbed, the solitary intimating that he himself must know best when he wishes to talk and when to sit apart thinking his own thoughts. It is not a general habit among women to do their thinking outside of their closets, and the sight of a woman obviously thinking in public, and that in a roomful of other women, is something scarcely to be imagined. It was in a certain man's club a habit with one of its members, a brilliant and well known mathematician, to sit for long hours in his chair before the fire, obviously thinking, presumably turning over his abstruse problems in his brain, though it never had occurred to any one to ask him what he was doing. One day a new club-member, seeing this abstracted figure huddled back in his chair, came toward him, and, with the kindly temerity of extreme youth and the condescension of great ignorance, asked, "Doin' sums in your head, sir?" That question was to become a part of the club's history; but in a woman's club this could never have happened, because no woman mathematician would have been allowed to form the habit of silent sitting in thought. The question asked in a man's club after long years of silence would have been asked in a woman's club during the first half-hour. Or rather, not to be unjust, the blunt question would in all likelihood not have been put at all, but some club-member, in the kindness of her heart, would at once have hurried to the rescue of the thinker, because it could not have occurred to her that, thus sitting alone, the mathematician was anything less than bitterly uncomfortable.

In Chrysanthemumium.

Say, there,
You rosybuds
And lilypods,
And sweet peas,
And daffydowndillies,
And daisies,
And geraniums,
And all you other
Miss Nancies of the flowering world,
Will you please go—sprinkle yourselves,
And turn your weeping eyes on Me?
Me,
The effulgent and iridescent full back
Of the Floral field!
The only blooming
Football player
In the whole botanical business!
There's nothing
Of the modest little violet style
In my ornate
And docile physiognomy,
And when it comes
To throwing bouquets,
I rather fancy
I'm a whole plate
Of cold slaw
Myself!
Don't I seem
To strike you that way?
I am also
A shredded sunburst of glory,
And when I rise and shine
There is but one light
By which the foot-steps
Of the fleet and fading Flora
Are guided:
That's
The Chrysanthemum!
—W. J. LAMOTON.

Lord Aberdeen's
Farewell
in the new
Toronto City Hall



Driving away from the New City Hall.



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Aller... Nov. 26 Dec. 4 Dec. 7 Dec. 8
Ems... Dec. 3 Dec. 12 Dec. 15 Dec. 16
Aug. Victoria... Dec. 10 Dec. 18 Dec. 21 Dec. 22
Kaiser Wm. II... Dec. 17 Dec. 26 Dec. 29 Dec. 30
Aller... Dec. 31 Jan. 8 Jan. 11 Jan. 12
F. Bismarck... Jan. 4 Jan. 12 Jan. 15 Jan. 16
Ems... Jan. 11 Jan. 19 Jan. 22 Jan. 23
Werra... Jan. 18 Jan. 26 Feb. 2 Feb. 3

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Anecdotal.
There was once a discussion between
Reeve and Carlyle which so upset the
ideas of the former that someone said to
the latter: "You have destroyed that
man's identity. Henceforth he will be a
mere Carlyle of Reeve."

The late Prince Bismarck stopped one
day at an inn in the Black Forest and
called for a cup of chow. The astonished
landlord brought him about a gill. "That's
all I have in the house," he said. "Are
you sure?" asked Bismarck. "Yes, mein
herr." "Very well," said the prince,
throwing the stuff away; "now make me
some coffee."

A kind-hearted duchess one day stopped
her carriage to give alms to a ragged
woman by the roadside. "God bless your
ladyship for your kind heart," fervently
ejaculated the poor woman; "I am sure
we shall meet in heaven!" This was too
much for the high-born dame's nobility.
"Oh, goodness gracious!" she said;
"drive on, John!"

At a vice-regal ball in Dublin Castle a
young military officer approached a pretty
young lady from the provinces, who was
sitting with her mother, and asked her
whether he might have the pleasure of a
dance. Before the girl could reply, the
fond parent hastily broke in: "Deed
and you can't then have a dance with

Whatever may be your
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low as consistent.

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Fourth door North of King.

Molly. She's keeping herself cool for the
Earl of Clanfurly."

One of the most substantial farmers in
South Ontario is independent in politics
and claims that he votes always as his
reason directs. After one of the meetings
he said: "Haycock is the best stump
speaker I've heard yet, and in saying this
remember I'm not a Grit. I'm not a Grit
and I'm not a Tory. I believe in fair play
for everybody—I believe in fair play and
Protestant members of Parliament."

A good story is told about M. Bertrand,
the famous French fencing-master, who
died in London recently at the age of
eighty-one years. M. Legouve singled out
ten of the first fencing-masters in Paris,
and wrote to each: "Dear Sir,—I am
writing a little work upon the talent of
Parisian fencing-masters. You are the
first in 'the profession,' I know. Kindly
tell me who comes next to you." The
reply in each case was, "It is Bertrand."
This made it clear that M. Bertrand was
the master of them all.

A donation party was given to a good
country clergyman in part payment of his
small salary, the principal result being
twenty-seven bushels of beans and a large
variety of second-hand clothing for his
five children. The patience of the clergyman's
wife finally gave out. On the next Sunday
she dressed all her five children in the
donated second-hand clothing, and under
her direction they marched up the aisle
just as the good pastor was reading that
beautiful passage, "Yet Solomon, in all
his glory, was not arrayed like one of
these." The next donation party was of
a different character.

Joseph L. Haycock, the late leader of
the late Patron party in the Ontario
Legislature, stumped South Ontario in the
interests of Hon. John Dryden, and find-
ing himself confronted one evening by an
audience of farmers he worked one of his
Patron dodges that has perhaps done him
good service in other campaigns. "I'm a
plain man myself and a farmer," he said.
"I'm used to working in the harvest field
with my coat off and I don't feel natural
all dressed up like this, so if you don't
mind, I'll just take off my coat." Off
came his coat, and he rolled up his sleeves.
"Now I feel more like myself," he cried
cheerily, and the crowd cheered until they
were hoarse.

Mr. Haycock can always tell a good
story. He opened one of his speeches in
South Ontario by telling of a political
speaker who opened his speech by saying
that he didn't know what to talk about.
"I've made so many speeches in this cam-
paign that I don't know just what to talk
about to-night—I don't know what will
interest you most, here in this con-
stituency. If somebody will kindly sug-
gest something for me to talk about I'll
confine myself to that." There was a
pause, and up rose a hard-finished old
farmer in the body of the hall. "Talk
about a minute," he said.

Friends all Around.
Sayings of a Little Book—A Whiff of
Smoke.

THE liberal soul deviseth
liberal things, and by
liberal things he shall
stand." Sometimes one
sees this happy recom-
pense awarded and it warms the heart.
If you are not tired of thinking and
conjecturing about the Dreyfus matter,
which is a thing so close to all of us who
love justice, I would remind you how
Zola got into trouble through arraigning
the tribunal who sentenced the accused to
a horrible punishment, and how his
goods and chattels were inventoried and
advertised for public auction to pay the
fine which accompanied his banishment.
It is sometimes curious to remark how
disasters and unpleasantness can be
avoided, however; how one can "find
a way," as Barrie's Tommy would say.
Zola has good friends. On the day of the
sale hundreds of would be bidders, curious
folks of all classes, some sympathizing,
some enjoying the distress of the valiant
champion of Dreyfus, confronted a cordon
of police who guarded the door of the
Maison Zola. On the moment of the
time appointed, a few of the friends of
Zola were permitted to enter.
The auctioneer took his place; his
man put up a common little table;
the first bid was thirty-two thousand
francs (the amount of the fine being thirty
thousand), made by M. Fasquelle. The
auctioneer asked for further bids on "this
unique table." No bids were made.
"Gone!" The auction is ended. I have
the honor to salute you!" cried the auc-
tioneer, and away he went. Everyone
laughed; everyone shook hands; the
crowd outside took the wings of derision
and disappeared. The friends of M. Zola
marched off in great good humor. I hear
M. Zola is home again in peace. As I am
very fond of him I am glad of it, but what
a fiasco, what a scandal, what a shame
and a disgrace has been this whole epi-
sode! One cannot even say it is Frenchy,
for there is no nation which should be
made to father it. Some of us have taken
it seriously, so seriously for the very
first, that I can only account for it by the
notion that we had some psychic warning
that a monstrous wrong was being done.
For myself, I foresaw three years ago, in
a queer sort of meddlesome way, the out-
come, so far, of the affair, without one
error.

A woman drifted into the sanctum to-
day, with a pretty voice and a bright
smile and a little twinkle in her eye, and
left me the gift of a little book, a little
baby of a book full of little quips and quirs
of humor, satire, wisdom, which she called
Wise and Otherwise. I have been looking
at them and inwardly protesting against
some of them, while others just touched
the spot, like a good cup of tea, cheering
but not inebriating. Is it true that "A
man may now a dove and marry a screech-
owl?" That the man who gives away his
freedom is everlastingly bankrupt? That
beauty is the recompense to women for

their weakness? That men fly and women
melt into passion? That crossed love is
forgotten, but crossed opinions never?
That he is near to happiness who makes
another smile? That a tempestuous petti-
coat is more bewitching than a satin
gown? That the greenest turf covers the
blackest soil? That the promise of eter-
nal sleep is not sweet to a live man? That
the most worthless woman is bought at the
highest price? That dog-like affection in
women is read of, while cat-like charac-
ter is seen? That the child who cries for
bread is a menace to the state? That more
women have been killed by innuendo
than by hard work? That it takes years to
make a man-brute, only hours to make
a woman-brute? That prohibition is a
frozen dream, life a red-hot time? The
little book says so.

Several letters have come to this column
this week in regard to the smoking be-
tween the dances remarks which I made
last week. "Mother" writes: "If you
advocate young girls putting up with any-
thing young men choose to do you are
very wrong. From what I know of your
views I never expected to hear you advise
girls to make themselves cheap." No, nor
you never will, mamma; no bargain-counter
girls for me. Cheap and nasty is the
notion in a nutshell. "Old fogey" writes:
"Thank you for your remarks on the
practice, so selfish and so objectionable,
of the young men who smoke at dances.
I have often heard my daughters express
annoyance, which timidity prevented
them expressing to the offenders them-
selves. Surely a gentleman would not
grudge giving up his pipe for three or four
hours. He doesn't smoke at progressive
euchre parties. Why must he at dances?"
It seems to me that the attitude of the
young men and girls of to-day needs
sweetening. It is scarcely necessary to
remark that when a young man is suffi-
ciently interested there is nothing he
will not do without, for the sake of his
best girl. Why, I sometimes recall with
pious amazement the long evenings Mr.
Gay and I used to sit gabbling, gossiping
and making castles in the air, and not so
much as the sniff of a cigar between dinner
time and good-night time. He was exceed-
ingly interested in those days, so was I,
but it wasn't entirely in Mr. Gay, I am
afraid, or I should have remarked his
renunciation of his pipe. The laws of the
Medes and Persians (the dad and the mater)
were equivalent to "smoking forbidden,"
and I took it for granted they would be
respected. I once had a more ingenious or
more selfish cavalier, who used to get into
the immense empty fire-place and smoke up
the wide black chimney. I remember I did
not like him, and the mater caught him at
it, and he was incontinent driven forth in
disgrace. Maybe those poor young men
really could not get through an evening
with our girls without a few whiffs. A
new generation of smokers may never
have been told that tobacco is poison to
the lungs and noses of some girls. Our
mothers and grandmothers left no one in
ignorance of the fact if they happened to
dislike tobacco. But then our mothers
and grandmothers don't seem to carry
much influence these days! And they
would have swooned in horror at the
notion of the smart woman's cigarette
case.

Father Used to Make.
The Scholastic Republican.
Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
For the wren will turn, you know,
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."

Another royal wedding occurred at
Breslau a few days ago. The bride,
Princess Feodora of Meiningen, is a great-
grandchild of the Queen, being the
daughter of the Hereditary Prince Bern-
ard of Saxe-Meiningen and Princess
Charlotte, the Emperor William's eldest
sister, and daughter, of course, of the
Empress Frederick. The bridegroom is
Prince Henry XXX. of Reuss. The Em-
press Frederick attended the wedding of
her daughter, at which Queen Victoria
was represented by Sir Frank Lascelles.
The Queen's wedding present consisted of
a silver tea-set and an Indian shawl. The
Emperor and Empress presented their
niece with a dinner service for twenty-
four persons.

Soft Drinks Barred.
Three crows sat on the limb of a tree,
And they were as dry as crows could be;
Quoth one old crow: "I really think
We'll surely die with naught to drink."
Quoth another crow: "I don't see why.
When there's a crow-bar standing by."

How Every Reader of This Paper Can
Make Money.

For several months I have noticed ad-
vertisements in different religious papers
describing an improved Dish Washer. As
I had grown so tired of washing the dishes
the old way I sent for information to Iron
City Dish Washer Co., 36 Station A,
Pittsburg, Pa., regarding their Washer.
They sent me one and I have found it to
do just as they said it would. It washes
and dries the dishes in less than one-half
the time it usually takes, and I never have
to put my hands in the greasy dish water.
My little girl, aged 8 years, thinks it lots
of fun to wash the dishes, and she can do
it as well as myself. Several of my neigh-
bors came in to see it work and they all
wanted one. I wrote the company and they
allowed me a commission. They also wrote
and told me how to become their agent.
I am now making \$10 a week and still
attend to my housework. The Dish Washer
is what I need. I show it and that makes
the work easy. I understand they still want
a few good agents, and anyone desiring to
make money easy should write them.

A Green Fate.
Cornell Widow.
A green little boy in a green little way
A green little apple devoured one day,
And the green little grasses now tenderly
wave
O'er the little green apple boy's green little
grave.

"What do you think of Mrs. Flirt?"
"I think she should tie a knot in her
handkerchief to remind her that she is
married."

Books and Shop Talk.
WITH her usual outspoken frank-
ness and certainty of verdict,
"Madame" Sarah Grand ad-
vises the *Young Woman* for
October as to the choice of a husband.
The poor girl of to-day, it appears, has far
less chance of getting a good husband
than of securing a good mount in the
park, for "external appearance is some-
guide" in horses, says our omniscient
prophetess. Her chief caution to the
ingenue is to watch a man's manners
towards the aged, and to beware of the
gay deceiver who descends on the attrac-
tions of mere beauty. "That kind of
man is a mere animal, who will disgust
you in a month and tire of you in a year—
if you can stand him so long." Nor does
this courageous lady leave the *Young
Man* (also for October) without the benefit
of her counsel. "The man," she asserts,
"is too self-confident: he says there is no
understanding a woman, yet he believes he
'knows a thing or two,' and the women
keep their countenances and let him be-
lieve." This is valuable evidence from
what may be called the Opposition. But
this is not all; for "Like attracts like,"
we read, and "the man who is worthy
has an infallible guide in his own grace of
nature to determine his choice." After
all of which we leave off pretty much as
we were before. It is evident that the
more the gifted writer sees of Man, the
more she loves her dogs. Nor will
"Madame" find that experience is with
her in her matrimonial maxim that "like
attracts like," for that is the exception,
not the rule.

Mr. W. A. Fraser of Georgetown, whose
clever story, *The Colonel's Guest*, appears
in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, has a
characteristic bit of work in *McClure's* for
November, entitled *Raja Singh and Other
Elephants*. Each month sees a new story
by Mr. Fraser, published in the London or
New York magazines, although, as a mat-
ter of fact, he has spent the past summer,
and previous ones, in the extreme North-
West of Canada, and only takes up lit-
erary work in the winter months at his
home in Georgetown. After an absence
of some months Mr. Fraser is expected
home this week, we understand.

Robert Barr at latest accounts was
breaking in two Canadian horses which
he took back to his lofty abode on the
Woldingham hills when he returned to
England from his visit to this country.
In such odd moments as he could seize
from this amusement he was building a
new novel. Advance orders for *Tekla*
were better than those for any of his pre-
ceding works, and his excursion into
pastures new to him appears to be ap-
proved by the friends won by in the *Midst
of Alarms*.

That Nose of Cyrano's.
NEW YORK has a new fad. Cyrano's
nose has fallen heir to the fame of
Tribby's toes. The misfortune is
mitigated, however, by the fact
that the nose has raised a question
in the aesthetics of the drama that was
lacking in the case of the toes (writes
John Corbin in *Harper's Weekly*). It is
reported from Paris that a sculptor, who
was engaged to make a statue of Coquelin
as Cyrano, refused to produce *le nez ter-
rible*, and that Coquelin refused to have a
statue without it. Mr. Mansfield ap-
parently sides with the sculptor, for he
has ingeniously constructed a cartilage
that is literally true to the epithets
Cyrano applies to it, and at the same
time vanishes when seen from straight-
front. By turning his full face to the
audience, Mr. Mansfield can be as good-
looking and as affecting as he likes. Yet
even this vanishing nose displeases some
of the critics. Mr. William Winter asserts
that it is a mistake to make a romantic
hero ugly, and that no art of the actor can
ever redeem the nose. And now someone
signing himself "Actor-Manager," who
sets forth so clearly Mr. Mansfield's views
that we have not a moment of doubt that
he is Mr. Mansfield, writes a letter to the
New York Sun, arguing that the nose
should be made to vanish altogether, and
plainly states as a reason that he is afraid
people will laugh at it. He even hints
that in unpolished precincts the nose may
become a mark for bad eggs and cabbages
from the gallery. Like the Parisian
sculptor, he is at odds with the author
and the "creator" of the role, and is
bent on dodging the nose. As for the
sculptor, he possibly knew his busi-
ness. The resources of sculpture—rigid
lines and colorless form—are so meagre
that probably no sculptor could copy
Coquelin's nose without ruining all
hope of the dignity of port and the hu-
manity of soul that are quite as essential
to the character. But drama is more free
than sculpture; no line is rigid, and every
form has also the colors of life. The
actor has motion of body, too, and finally
the supreme advantage of speech. By
using all the resources of the drama with
creative sympathy, M. Coquelin has been
able to make a sum total of effect in
which, at the moments of white heat, the
bulbous nose—*le nez terrible*—is an in-
significant detail. If Mr. Mansfield feels
obliged to sink the nose by artifice, it is
because, as has already been pointed out,
he lacks the creative force, the expansiveness
of temperament, that the play re-
quires. If he possessed these, he would
find, as Mr. Coquelin has found, that the
touch of grotesque the nose lends is a
positive aid in his serious and imaginative
effects.

Dr. Parkin's Success.
Canadian Gazette (London).
Dr. Parkin's many friends in this
country will be glad to hear of the marked
success which is attending his rule at the
Upper Canada College. The number of
pupils has very nearly doubled since he
accepted the principalship in 1895, and is
now within five of the maximum for
which accommodation is available. A
further increase next year, upon which
the supporters of the College are confi-
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Open the year round

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A sure cure
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W. H. LEE, Chemist & Druggist
Cor. Church and Wellesley Streets

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nourishment is combined with the most refreshing flavor
and relish in **MONSOON** TEA. It comes direct to
consumers from the growers as the cleanest, purest, best-
ripened, and most perfect tea sold in package form. And
it costs no more than the others.

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In lead packets only, never in bulk
At grocers—25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, and 1.50.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

COOKIE.—What an industrial lot you seem to
be! You're also a two-year-old, unbroken and
full of tricks. The lines which would be almost
depraved in an older person are just youth's
vagaries in your case. There is a strong up-
ward impulse in you that will do you good
always.

LES JUMELLES, No. 2.—You are not so
"heavenly" as the other one, but have a
more discursive, enterprising and impulsive
nature. You are imaginative, speculative,
ambitious and buoyant. Difficulties only spur
you to more effort. It is the writing of the
eminently active, enterprising and forceful
mind; there is nothing local about it. Both
studies are fine.

LES JUMELLES, No. 1.—Great refinement,
sensitive and loyal nature, firm purpose, tena-
city, some sentiment, very pretty taste, some
ambition, love of art and appreciation of
harmony, concentration, very clear, concise
and logical ideas, much sympathy. This char-
acter impresses me like a bit of rare old Sevres
china. It's beautiful, rare and valuable.

PEDRO.—El tu, Brute! I don't find you either
suave or diplomatic, just a blunt, ordinary per-
son, strong and wilful, with better logic than
Cookie, and a worse temper than Spin. It's
not so very bad though. You are crude and
young, and practical, and constant, and ambi-
tion is not in you. Your impulses are varied
by every wind that blows. It is really not fair
to dissect you, so young and so unformed.

CHARLES.—A teacher's certificate and a com-
mercial certificate didn't make you a finished
character, dear child; your writing shows so
many signs of youth. You are bright, inde-
pendent, a bit careless, but very conscientious,
cheerful, and moderately ambitious. The study
is crude, lacking signs of culture and adorn-
ment. The writer will get on, I am satisfied,
when her forces are brought into line; just
now they go every way.

MIGNON.—You are markedly conventional,
rather inclined to be sharp in judgment, ambi-
tious but not enterprising, ladylike, refined
and reasonable. You never let go an idea, and
should be a capably clear-headed woman.
Caution interferes with frankness. You can
perhaps keep your own secrets; I am afraid
about other people's. A good deal of dash is in
your make-up, quick decision, pride of lineage
or personal acquisitions, and a nature neither
to be coerced nor blinded. It is unusually
interesting.

META MINE.—Your course was perfectly
justifiable. It makes me use languages of var-
ious shades of red to myself when I see a girl
cheating herself. It is not at all necessary
to antagonize men to ensure their respect. Men
will often say very nasty things about women
who are too assertive. The man rules when the
balance hangs properly. The woman just sees
to it that he does not rule wrongly. It's so
simple that it makes one laugh to see the stupid
world arraying itself in armor over the matter.
Men are so very decent if you take them right.

PATIENCE.—I return your greeting from the
land of beauty. I have long desired to see Southern
California, so loving the warm countries.
Well, and for your character. I can see
nervous energy, some tendency to despond
which might be from physical causes, good
sequence of ideas, a frank and trustful nature,
some ambition, a desire to accomplish, but a
diminishing force of effort. You are tenacious,
keen in judgment and appreciation, with good
imagination and some emotion. It is not by
any means an ordinary character; there are
capabilities of excellence which make me echo
your kind wish.

QUIZ.—It is a very complex character, and if
you are not satisfied with your occupation it's
a great pity, for you can do splendid work if
you get a good chance. A little repression in
expression would not hurt you. You don't
show much ambition, but have sufficient
buoyancy to rise if given opportunity. I think
you seem to lack confidence in yourself, some-
times to extend some mistrust to others. You
are careful and conscientious about details,
have bright perception, and are probably fond
of and likely to succeed in practical matters.
I think you would dislike too much theory and
shrink from speculation. I am truly sorry that
you are sometimes unhappy over your occupa-
tion. Sometimes we all find our work a burden.
The fault is not in the work.

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JUDGE AND JURY.

The Man Who Uses
Shoe Polish
is his own Judge, and
the Jury can't disagree.

**PUT
PACKARD'S
Special Shoe Dressings
ON TRIAL.**
Watch
the
Verdict.

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Tutti-Frutti**
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It's foolish to
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Windsor Salt is an
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We have six
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Studio and Gallery

HAT the educational facilities of Toronto for young ladies are many, is easily recognized. The day is not far gone when for a young lady to appear on equal grounds with a young man as a student was to subject herself to ridicule. In fact, they did not appear. Now their way is clear to any point occupied by young men. Were we of the habits of our good Methodist friends, we would add to this last sentence a "Praise the Lord." We are very glad it is so. The standard in the colleges giving exclusive attention to the education of young ladies is also much higher. Much more attention is given to those subjects which have been regarded by some in the past as smacking rather much of masculinity to be included in a young lady's course of study. We are in danger now of running to the other extreme, and of laying down for all alike, no matter to what use they may intend to put their education, an equally severe and prolonged course entirely similar to that taken by the masculine student. In the rush and hurry to cover this prescribed ground the requirements and education of the aesthetic nature are in danger of being to some extent ignored. The young lady is turned around this wheel and moulded as much like her brother as possible. She is turned out some-times a condensed volume of reference—references of facts which may have little bearing on her after life. A college for young ladies which fails to include in its curriculum and furnishings material for pronounced cultivation of the aesthetic nature, is to our mind a failure, no matter how many pupils matriculate from its numbers. The life is cheated of some of its best pleasures. The study of art should form an important part of every college course.

We are glad to find that in most of the young ladies' colleges of this city art receives a measure of attention. Visiting Glen Mawr, the college of Miss Veals, recently, we noticed abundant evidences that art is not ignored. The tasteful and harmonious furnishings have in themselves an educative influence. Art lectures are given regularly to the students. The latest and best art periodicals are at the disposal of the pupils. A large class of

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Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

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MINIATURE PAINTER
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IT IS NOT NECESSARY to keep repeating facts so well known as that ours is the most complete Artists' Material Store on this continent, and that our prices are always the lowest, except for the reason that there is a class of conservative buyers who never care to change so long as they are treated even half decently. We want these customers, because if they bought here they would never need consider the question of change.

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during the week to examine the beautiful examples of photography under the "New Art Light" went away feeling convinced that there is more art in Photography than they ever supposed. Call at
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We Make Photographs

In all sizes and styles. We also have a very choice selection of

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Telephone 1269 328 Yonge Street

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While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz.

JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX
for polishing all hard wood floors. The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated

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used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.

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Also our Pastel Photos

Everything first-class.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West

young ladies, under the instruction of Miss Windeat, is working assiduously, painting and drawing after the most approved modern methods. Ceramic art is taught by Miss Ince, whose work is truly decorative and refined.

Miss Veals has recently brought with her from England a very excellent steel engraving, a reproduction of that comprehensive and famous painting by Sir Noel Paton, Lux in Tenebris, representing the passage of a human spirit from this world to the beyond. It is full of Christian truth besides being a masterpiece of art, and cannot but have a good influence on the minds of the young girls who have the privilege of seeing it constantly.

It is a fact well known to collectors that several important French potteries devote themselves entirely to the manufacture of spurious old china, says *The Outlook*. We once knew an old Scotsman who earned his living by painting sham Constables. He painted nearly nothing but Constables. They were his speciality. Once, indeed, he obtained an unfinished canvas which suggested huge possibilities. It had the makings of a fine John Philip, the artist whose copy of a portion of Velasquez's masterpiece hangs in the Diploma Gallery. Our Scottish friend set to work and speedily produced a John Philip. Years after he had the satisfaction of seeing this painting of his get knocked down for six hundred guineas at Christie's amid the applause of the spectators! Truly a comic situation this, if ever there was one.

One of the most picturesque figures in London society, and certainly the most distinguished painter, is the venerable George F. Watts. In many respects he resembles the great Titian. Not only in his art—his color approaches nearer that of the famous Venetian than that of any other English painter, not excepting Reynolds—but also in his personality. Titian at ninety was still a vigorous painter, and so Watts is to-day, at eighty-three. With his ascetic feature, silvery hair, and pointed beard, he looks very noble as he stands before his easel in long painting smock, and a black velvet skull-cap worn well back. He is a philanthropist in the truest sense of the word. Although by no means a rich man, he is most happy when he can devote his work to the service of his fellow-men.

It is said that after having been a successful portrait painter for a number of years an artist is qualified for any position requiring diplomatic skill.

The fashion of grouping several persons on one canvas or panel (says the *Art Amateur*) was a novelty when introduced into England by Hogarth, but of course it had long been in vogue among the Dutch and Flemish painters. This, however, is not the comment I started to make. I was about to suggest that our own portrait painters might revive the fashion; it is now old enough to pass for a novelty.

A meeting of the executive of the Woman's Art Association of Canada was held on Monday afternoon, and it was decided that the Fall Sketch Exhibition would open in the studio, 80 Canada Life Building, on Monday, November 28, with a private view to which all the members are invited. The ceramic exhibition in Montreal opens on November 29, and will be followed by a similar exhibition in St. John on December 12. At the meeting on Monday a discussion took place in regard to the matter of women's art at the Paris Exposition, and it was decided to leave this question in the hands of Hon. Sydney Fisher.

Mr. George Bruenech's exhibition at Matthews' Gallery is attracting a great many visitors. Last Saturday was opening day, and notwithstanding the many attractions and the disagreeable weather Mr. Bruenech's paintings drew nearly two hundred visitors. All this week the interest has been maintained.

The auction sale of Mr. Chavignaud's pictures in Townsend's art rooms one day last week resulted in the disposal of nearly every picture. Mr. Chavignaud intends to leave very soon for Paris, where he will remain until some time next year, returning then to Toronto.

"Art auctions" are quite the thing in Toronto just now, and very strong opinions are held in regard to them. Last week there was Mr. Chavignaud's sale at C. J. Townsend's new gallery; on Tuesday of this week many art objects, the property of Mrs. Richard Snelling, were put up at the same place, and on Tuesday next Mr. Townsend sells oil paintings and water-colors of F. A. Verner, R.C.A. On Thursday of this week Chas. M. Henderson auctioned over one hundred oil paintings by English and French artists. On Wednesday at Roberts' Gallery there was an

auction of the pictures of H. J. Wadham and A. Sinclair, two Australian painters. General opinion among artists may be said to be against auctions, and it need surprise no one. Very often pictures that have no value at all, as art, are sold at auction, and although we have artists of our own these auction sales are usually of pictures that come from France, England, Australia "and dear knows where." But perhaps, even from the view-point of the local artist, it is not an unmixed evil. Our people, intent on business, neglect every invitation to visit the studios of the local artists, and when the annual exhibitions of our societies are held, those who enquire the price of pictures that they would like to purchase learn that this one "is \$80," that one "is \$150," the other "is \$125." The abashed enquirer moves off convinced that until he has made his fortune the work of Canadian artists is hopelessly beyond his reach. He does not know—he has no means of knowing—that these quoted prices are but pleasant fictions indulged in only at these annual exhibitions, and that in the artist's studio these pictures would be offered him at prices that he could reach. This possible purchaser, therefore, goes to an auction and buys. He may get poor art, but he gets better than he had before, and one good—or let us even say one original—picture gradually works upon a home until in time originals of ever increasing merit displace the chromos and copies that once covered the walls. In this way, perhaps, good may come of auctions. Perhaps these auctions of outside pictures would cease to some extent if Canadian artists would join in and hold an annual auction of say two small pictures each. Wherever these pictures went they would speak for native art and original art. This proposal may not be feasible, but it may be worth considering.

On last Saturday afternoon about one hundred art-lovers and friends of Mr. Carl Ahrens, who is leaving for New York, went out to Lambton Mills to enjoy a view of his clever pictures in the studio. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Ahrens and Miss Douglas, whose work was also on exhibition and evoked much praise. Many more friends of the artists would have been glad of the opportunity of visiting the studio had not the engagements consequent upon the vice-regal visit obliged them to forego the pleasure. Mr. Ahrens is an original and hard-working artist, who will, it is predicted, achieve greater success than ever in a larger sphere of effort. His friends wished him good fortune and artistic distinction in the great city to the south.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has returned after spending some time in Ottawa and Montreal.

Miss Hendershott will hold at exhibition of china at 8 College street, afternoon and evenings, from November 15 to 19 inclusive.

Speaking of the many expressions of cordiality he had received at the hands of the Canadians, Lord Aberdeen at the recent banquet said: "One other instance I will give. This refers to Toronto, namely, the address which—in itself a magnificent piece of art work—was presented to us at the close of our visit . . . in this city during the last few months of the year 1897." This address was the work of A. H. Howard, R.C.A.

This Year's Tall Brides.

A PROPOS of weddings, those of the year have caused a good deal of comment in one respect, says *Harper's Bazar*. The brides have been a group of young goddesses as far as physique goes. The bridegrooms, on the other hand, have literally fallen short, in the matter of inches, of any Olympian resemblance.

Miss Katharine Duer, the favorite of all her set, who married Mr. Clarence Mackay last spring, was a young Juno, who overtopped her husband by an inch or two. Mrs. George Vanderbilt, another June bride, is taller than her husband. The young Duchess of Marlborough, by the way, had the better of the duke in inches as well as in millions. And now another Englishman, Mr. Harold Baring, who has just married Miss Marie Churchill, will also look up to his wife in more ways than one. So it has gone until people are beginning to raise their eyebrows and wonder where this inverse proportion is to end.

A physician who was addressing a woman's club the other day had something to say on this subject. He declared unequivocally that "girls are taller, stronger, better than they were twenty-five years ago." He said, with a quizzical smile, that his only fear is that we will produce a race of girls six feet tall, "with brothers only four feet six." He thinks that parents coddle their children too much, and said that there is more sickness caused by overdressing than by underdressing.

LATE HOURS AND STRONG DRINK.

What the Doctor Said to His Friend on the Subject.

Evil Effects of Late Hours and Strong Drink Banished at Once by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, Which Cool the Blood and Soothe the Nerves.

"I tell you, my friend," said the doctor to his companion the lawyer, "we are accustomed to grin and bear a great deal of pain that we need not endure."

"Take, for instance, the young fellow who is in the habit of having a 'good time' (so-called) at night. He stays out late, and perhaps drinks a good deal. Next morning he is feverish, nervous and suffers a violent headache."

"The liquor he drank is blamed for all this, when the late hours he kept should bear an equal share of the blame."

"However, he goes to work and endures the tortures of that headache and nervous excitement all day."

"Now he need not do so."

"What!" interrupted the lawyer. "He need not bear the penalty for his transgression?"

"He can prevent or remove the penalty," answered the doctor. "If he had taken one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets on his return home, or if he had carried them with him and taken a couple just after his lunch, he would not have suffered a single twinge of pain."

"You appear to have a very high opinion of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," remarked the lawyer.

"I have, and my high opinion is based on experience. I have found that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, by their action on the food in the stomach, and on the various glands of that organ and the liver, will cool the blood, ensure perfect digestion, calm the nerves and soothe the excited brain, while they give fresh strength and vigor to the body. There is nothing like them for this purpose."

"They cost only fifty cents a box, at any drug store, and are worth their weight in gold."

A QUEBEC GIRL

Compelled by Female Weakness to Give up School.

THAT She Began to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Now She is Healthy and Strong—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Women's Ills.

St. CUNEGONDE, P.Q., November 7.—The case of Mrs. Ellen Dowson of Gerrard street, Toronto, has a parallel in this place. Dodd's Kidney Pills have brought happiness into a stricken home, by restoring a beloved daughter to health and strength.

Mr. F. Dubois, who resides at No. 100 Napoleon road, in this place, tells the story in these words: "For many months my daughter endured the agonies of 'Female Weakness' and Kidney Disease. No remedy we used gave her the least relief, and she became so ill, finally, that she was obliged to remain at home from school for fully three-quarters of the time."

"By a friend's advice, I bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills for her, and was delighted to see that she began to get better almost immediately after beginning to use them."

"She has taken in all four boxes, and is to-day in better health than she ever enjoyed in her life before. She is strong and healthy and goes to school every day."

"I cheerfully certify to the wonderfully beneficial effect of Dodd's Kidney Pills in cases of Female Trouble, for besides my daughter's cure I know of a number of instances in which they have completely cured the sufferers."

"Women who suffer from any of the diseases peculiar to their sex, can find no other remedy that will relieve their sufferings and permanently cure their complaints so quickly and thoroughly as Dodd's Kidney Pills. The testimony of thousands of women who have been cured proves this beyond dispute."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills go to the root of the matter. They heal and strengthen the kidneys, and so remove the cause of disease."

Ensign Curtin at Ponce.

HE is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Dumme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the Wasp, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants!

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half-hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had. "Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half-hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous.—*Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.*

A Tailor and a Preacher.

"Commandant" Booth of the Salvationists has been answering the critics, and at the same time amusing his friends at Melbourne with this little story of a tailor and a clergyman. The "king of shreds and patches" severely criticized the cleric's way of feeding his flock. At last the cleric grew restive. "Do you consider yourself a skilled tailor?" he

asked. "Certainly," was the reply. "Then can you tell me," asked the cleric, "how much cloth it would take to make a suit for the Angel Gabriel, when he stands with one foot on the sea and the other on the dry land and proclaims that Time shall be no more?" The man of cloth confessed himself nonplussed, and provoked the rejoinder: "Be a master of your own trade before you criticize mine."

Baby's Own Soap

makes the little ones happy by keeping their tiny bodies in a healthy, clean condition.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

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The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

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When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

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The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other.

Entire base radiates heat.

Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heater attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickled.

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The ONLY Skirt Binding with an Indestructible Wearing Edge, a Rich and Elegant Facing and a Natural Curve conforming perfectly to the shape of the skirt.

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS

into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.

That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly.

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MUSIC

The current issue of the London, England, *Musical Herald* contains some interesting references to the agitation in Canada against the examination speculation of the outside certificate-peddling concerns which are about to launch into business here. It will be noticed that the editorial comments of the influential journal mentioned, which I take pleasure in reproducing here, touch upon a phase of musical development on this side of the Atlantic which SATURDAY NIGHT has already referred to on several occasions as reasons why outside interference in the natural trend of our musical life should not be tolerated. The point made by the *Musical Herald* with regard to the use of the offensive term, "foreign," as applied to British institutions, is well taken. It might be said in this connection, however, that the term to which exception is taken by our English contemporary had already been changed to the words, "outside the Dominion," in the protest which is being prepared in Canada with regard to the proposed local Canadian examinations of the Associated Board and other English institutions, the unpleasant and misleading nature of the word "foreign" in this case having been recognized by the profession here, whose affection for and warm loyalty to Britain, it is needless to say, are beyond question. The *Musical Herald's* comments are as follows:

An important meeting of Canadian musicians has just been held in Toronto to protest against the invasion of the Dominion by foreign musical examining bodies. The meeting was almost, but not entirely, unanimous against the Associated Board scheme for Canada. Trinity College, London, has sent out Dr. Charles Vincent to view the land, and the Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT says that he will favor the withdrawal of Trinity College from Canada. The language used at the meeting seems to have been unnecessarily strong, and the use of the word "foreign" in connection with the Mother Country is unpleasant, but it must be admitted that the controversy was provoked from this side. Canada is an old colony, much less in touch with English ways than Australasia and the Cape. Educationally it follows the United States, where (as in Germany) less stress is laid on examination and more on training than with us. Canadian musicians are certainly entitled to work out their own problems in their own way.

The height of absurdity which has been reached in the Motherland in the craze which exists for all sorts of musical examinations, degrees and certificates, is illustrated in a recent paragraph in *Truth*, in which the newly organized Society of Mandolinists comes in for some attention. The College of Pianists, another certificate-peddling concern with a paid-up capital of £17,10s., which is run chiefly by a plumber, and the College of Violinists (Limited), which is owned largely by a piano dealer and his family, have also been exposed in recent issues of *Truth*. The new Incorporated Staff Notation College, which likewise grants certificates, etc., and which was established by no less important personages than Professor Prout and Mr. W. H. Cummings, now comes in for a "roasting" at the hands of *Truth*, although the *School Music Review* of London is of the opinion that *Truth's* strictures regarding this concern are too severe and in a measure uncalled for. Of the Society of Mandolinists, however, *Truth* says: "The prospectus of this 'Society of Mandolinists' states that the affair is 'under the patronage of' gentlemen from Milan, Florence and elsewhere, and with whose names I am unacquainted, and of 'Edwin M. Lott, Esq., Mus. Doc., London.' Mr. Lott knows perfectly well that he is not a Mus. Doc. of London, nor, indeed, of any University in these isles. The 'Society' grant diplomas at the moderate rate of from 10s. 6d. upwards, a 'Fellowship' coming rather cheap at three guineas. I do not suppose it is a particularly large Society, for the mandoline is a plianting rather than a musical instrument. But I should imagine it would be a fresh testimony to the correctness of the doctrine of the Tichborne Claimant if anyone really paid three guineas for the privilege of writing F. S. M. after his name. Like Dogberry, he could write himself down something equally as true without charge."

A local music student, who feels he has a grievance, has requested me to say a few words regarding the carelessness of some teachers as regards the prescribed length of lessons, which so many instructors are in the habit of cutting short, forgetful of the fact that a pupil is entitled to every minute of the time paid for. This particular student argues that as he pays thirty dollars for twenty half-hour piano lessons, each minute of the time represents an outlay of exactly five cents. To deprive him of two minutes of this period "represents a clear steal of ten cents from the pupil, whilst a loss of five minutes means precisely twenty-five cents, which should by rights be refunded to the pupil." Now, I am bound to admit that there is more truth than poetry in this contention, and it opens up a line of thought which most teachers of music in Toronto and elsewhere may very profitably ponder over. I have heard many similar complaints of late along the same line, in which the offending teachers were not, by any means, all piano instructors. The short-sighted policy of treating lightly so important a matter as the contract period of a lesson in music is calculated to lower the teacher in the estimation of the pupil, and also to cultivate in the former a spirit of indifference, which ultimately cannot

but prove disastrous to his reputation and prospects. The orthodox half-hour lesson is a sufficiently short period as it is, without curtailments at both ends of the period. If teachers were to realize the views which are privately expressed regarding this matter by pupils who are not able to muster sufficient courage to openly express themselves, there would probably be less squandering of minutes for which the pupil pays a contract price and for which he has a right to demand and expect an honest equivalent.

An unusually large number of candidates competed for scholarships at the recent competition held in connection with the Conservatory of Music. The following were the winning candidates: Pianoforte—Under Mr. Edward Fisher, Miss Blanche Badgley, Miss Mabel Hicks and Miss Edith Mitchell; under Mr. A. S. Vogt, Miss Florence Brown and Mr. Leslie Hodgson; under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Mary Hollinrake and Mrs. Chisholm; under Mr. V. P. Hunt, Miss Ada Fountain; under Mr. Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., Miss Ruby Gray; under Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M., Miss Ethel Corin; under Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., Miss Maud O'Halloran. Voice—Under Mr. Rechab Tandy, Miss Florence Macpherson and Miss Maud Snarr; under Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. R. J. McIntosh; under Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Alma Butler and Mr. H. A. C. Machin; under Miss Annie Hallworth, A.T.C.M., Miss Nellie Miller and Miss Georgina Young. Organ—Under Mr. Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., Dublin, F.R.C.O. and L.T.C., London, Eng., Mr. M. L. Atkinson. Violin—Under Mrs. B. Drechsler-Adamson, Master Norman McLeod. In elementary pianoforte the free scholarships were won by Miss Lottie Benister, Miss Norma Johnson and Master Salter Dunn. Twenty partial scholarships were also awarded in this department. The scholarship in composition under Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.R.C.O., has not yet been awarded.

At a concert held recently in Streetsville the entire programme was furnished by the popular Sherlock Male Quartette of Toronto, and local papers are enthusiastic in praising the singing of this organization, the concert being spoken of as the best ever held in that town. The following flattering comments refer to the Quartette numbers at the annual concert of the Sons of Scotland: "The Sherlock Male Quartette, whose great popularity is crowding our largest halls where they appear, sang their numbers in such a manner as to bring forth loud applause from all parts of the house. They are a great aggregation, and Waverley Camp can depend upon bumper houses when they secure such talent." This Quartette also sang at the farewell banquet tendered to their Excellencies in the Pavilion, and they have been engaged to supply the programme at the coming Hardy banquet in the same building. Among other concerts in the near future are the Oddfellows' annual entertainment on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, the annual concert of the Congregational church in Listowel, the annual concert of the East Toronto Bicycle Club, and a number of others. A very handsome lithograph of the Quartette, one of the most attractive things of the kind which has come under my notice, has been added to the advertising matter of this enterprising concert organization.

A good story is told by an exchange of a former Bishop of Ely, who, being himself something of a musician, was very much annoyed by the ostentatious display of certain organists and choirs in his diocese, who embraced the opportunity of his episcopal visitation to "show off" their compositions by "execution" of the same. In a certain provincial town the organist had composed an elaborate anthem "after Handel," or, as the Bishop described it, "a long way after him." First, there was a long prelude for the organ, followed by a chorus; then came a tenor solo, supplemented by a duet with the soprano; then a bit of a quartette, decorated with an alto solo, and finally the bass burst forth in stentorian tones—and the glo—ry, and the glo-o-o-ry, and the glo-o-o—"Let us pray!" broke in the enraged prelate, and the anthem terminated with a supplication for mercy.

An interesting concert will be given in the Bond street Congregational church on Monday evening, November 11, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Society of that church. An attractive programme, consisting of songs, readings and instrumental selections, will be rendered by the following well known artists: Mrs. Willson Lawrence, soprano soloist of the Church of the Redeemer; Mr. W. J. A. Carahan, one of Toronto's most popular baritone; Mr. Frank Taylor, the well known tenor, and the Crescent Banjo Club. Amongst the other artists who will take part are: Miss Kathryn Chattoe, contralto; Miss Netta Marshall, elocutionist; Miss Walsley, violinist, and Mrs. Edward Faulds, accompanist. A collection in aid of the benevolent fund of the Young Ladies' Society will be taken at the door.

Westminster Presbyterian church was the scene of an impressive song service on Tuesday evening last, when an excellent programme was rendered by the choir of the church under Mr. E. J. Lyne's direction,

assisted by Miss Marie Wheeler, soprano; Mr. A. L. E. Davies, basso, and Mr. A. T. Blakeley, solo organist. The service embraced several standard anthems, unaccompanied numbers, vocal and organ solos, and three hymns selected from the superb new hymn and tune collection of the Canadian Presbyterian church. Much credit is due Mr. Lyne and those who assisted in the service for the smooth manner in which the various selections were rendered during the evening. Miss Marion Ferguson, organist of the church, who played the accompaniments, displayed admirable taste in her work throughout the evening. A large congregation was in attendance.

The Metropolitan School of Music scholarship competitions were concluded last week, the principal awards being as follows: Piano—Mr. W. O. Forsyth's scholarship to Miss Priscilla Beatty of Streetsville, Ont.; Mr. Cecil Forsyth's to Miss Helen V. Wadsworth; Miss Celia M. Tufford's to Mr. H. W. Newman; Miss Harriet S. Taylor's to Miss Gertrude Wardell. Signor Sajous' vocal scholarship was divided between Miss Birdie Mitchell and Miss Ethel Quinn, and the latter also won Miss Noonan's elocutionary scholarship. In addition nineteen partial scholarships were awarded in various departments of the institution. The attendance of pupils this season at the Metropolitan School of Music is so very large that the directors are obliged to at once build extra rooms, these to be within the premises now occupied.

The efficient choir of Trinity Methodist church, Mr. R. G. Kirby choirmaster, gave a very successful song service in the church on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. Kirby's good work with the newly organized choir of Trinity reflects most creditably upon his tact and musical ability. Features of their chorus singing were a good body of tone, commendable regard for expression and precision in attack. No small measure of the choir's success was due to the excellent accompaniments played by Miss Edith Miller, organist of the church, who also created a decidedly favorable impression in her solo playing. The assisting artists were: Mrs. Caldwell, soprano; Miss Ella Ronan, contralto; Mrs. Victor Gianelli, soprano; and Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably.

The latest contribution to the collection of anti-Wagnerian humor is made by Dr. Hanslick. In 1876 this eminent critic predicted most confidently that there would never be another festival at Bayreuth. There have been about a dozen since, and in recent years seats for any performance could only be obtained by securing them weeks in advance. This naturally annoys the Viennese prophet. But he has his revenge. With the wit peculiar to his city he exclaims: "Already the majority of the visitors at Bayreuth are North Americans; soon they will be South Americans, and ultimately the guileless folk will sing for a parquet of negroes."

Instead of the annual concert of the University Glee Club, which is usually held in December, the Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs intend holding one in January under the direction of Mr. George F. Smedley. They will be assisted by the College of Music Ladies' Club, a prominent lady vocalist, Mr. G. P. Kleiser, Miss Mae Dickinson, Toronto Male Quartette (Arthur L. E. Davies, conductor), Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Henrietta Shippe. A special feature of the concert will be some commensurate numbers in which several of Mr. Smedley's advanced pupils will assist. It is expected that over sixty performers on these popular instruments will take part.

The choir of Parkdale Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. H. M. Blight, have prepared a most interesting programme for the service of praise to be held in their church on Monday evening, November 14. The assisting soloists will be Mrs. Julia Wyman of New York, contralto; Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor; Miss L. Fulton, violin; and Miss Hobson, soprano. As this is the first special musical service given by the choir since the appointment of choirmaster H. M. Blight, much interest is shown in the event by residents of Parkdale.

Mr. Holmes Cowper, the popular Chicago tenor, made a very successful appearance in Winnipeg recently. Mr. Cowper will be heard in Toronto for the first time on Sunday next, when he sings at the Elm street Methodist church in both services. His numbers will be, in the morning service, Holman's Nearer My God to Thee, and in the evening service, Arkaudet's Ave Maria and Mendelssohn's Aria from the Elijah. It will with all your hearts, and the preceding recitative.

Attention is drawn to the concert which is to be given in Kilburn Hall, Toronto Junction, in connection with the College of Music of that town. Mr. Tripp, pianist, Miss Dora L. McMurtry, soprano, Mr. Firth, baritone, and Miss Burns, elocutionist, will be heard in a programme of unusual merit, which deserves to be heard by a large audience. Tickets can be secured at Musson's bookstore at fifty cents each.

"It is the subject of remark in Gloucester," says London *Truth*, "that Sir Charles Parry does not use his title of knighthood in his own domain. In the official programme book he is described as 'Dr. C. Hubert Parry,' while on Monday a huge trolley was observed in front of the cathedral with the large letters, 'C. H. H. Parry, Esq., Highnam Court, Gloucestershire,' painted upon it. Musical knight-hoods have of late years been made rather cheap."

"It is not good for an artist to be born in opulence," wrote Rubinstein. "The cares of getting bread and butter may be useful to him at the start, and may give his talent a dramatic turn. But this state of poverty must not last too long. It is desirable that he obtain pecuniary independence; otherwise the needs of

daily life will diminish his creative force, and in the struggle he may founder."

I am indebted to Mr. George Sears of this city, who is at present sojourning in New York for a brief period, for programmes and critical notices of the most important musical doings of the great metropolis which Mr. Sears has attended during the past few weeks. The re-appearance of Rosenthal, especially, seems to have occasioned quite a stir in musical circles of the great city.

A French scientist argues that the pitch of the human voice is gradually falling and has been falling for centuries past. Our forefathers, he says, were unaware what a really bass voice was. They all spoke and sang tenor. Now the average is baritone, and the world is sinking slowly but surely to universal bass. Exit the tenors.

Miss Florence Taylor, the talented Detroit pianist whose recent successful recital in St. George's Hall won for her the warm praise of local critics and music-lovers, is arranging for a recital tour through Ontario. Concert committees desirous of arranging dates should address Miss Taylor at 50 Peterboro street, Detroit.

Mr. Edward Chadfield of London, Eng., general secretary of the Incorporated Society of Musicians, which live organization had in contemplation the establishment of its local examinations in Canada, writes to a Canadian musician that the Society has decided not to extend its examinations beyond the United Kingdom.

Mr. J. P. Schneider has been given the management of the citizens' popular Star Course of concerts, the next of which will take place in Association Hall on Thursday evening of next week, when the Mozart Symphony Club of New York will furnish the programme. The plan of the hall is at Nordheimer's.

Lovers of sacred music will be glad to learn that the choir of the Bloor street Presbyterian church intend giving another of their now popular services of praise on Tuesday, November 15. Mrs. Blight has secured the services of Mrs. Julia Wyman of New York and Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit for this occasion.

Miss Lizzie Brown, a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, has been engaged as soprano soloist at Parliament street Methodist church. MODERATO.

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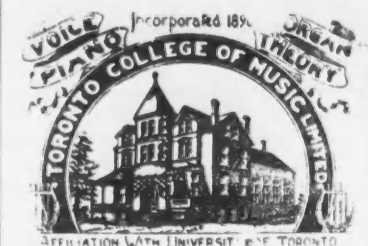
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Musical critics everywhere speak in highest terms of the pianos bearing our name. We have reason to appreciate this expert testimony. In the letter from which the above

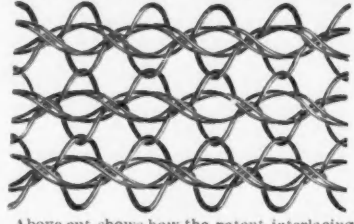
quotation is taken, Mr. F. H. Torrington, Director of the Toronto College of Music, writes:

"It gives me pleasure to state that, from my own observations of the pianos made by you, I have only the most favorable opinion concerning them. In regard to the tone quality, the touch and mechanism, they would be a credit to any country, and certainly take a first position among the pianos of Canada. I have heard many other musicians speak in high terms of your instruments, and it has been noticeable, the extent to which they are in demand by visiting artists of highest ability from all parts of the world. I wish you all success in the further development of everything that goes towards making a perfect piano."

A piano that wins the favor of those who know what constitutes a perfect piano ought surely to have your favor.

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A Model Livery.

Doane's livery at 621 Yonge street is rapidly gaining a reputation that will soon be to them a very valuable asset. Careful drivers, first class carriages and horses, and a promptness that is commendable, leaves nothing to be desired. During the recent visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to Toronto, Doane had charge of all the driving arrangements.

Rates to New York

Via T. H. & B. and New York Central Same as any other line. Leave Hamilton daily 6.25 p.m., reach Grand Central Station, New York, 8.15 a.m. Through buffet-sleeper. Superior service. Call on T. H. & B. agents for tickets and information, or address H. Parry, General Agent, N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Buffalo.

Social and Personal.

Miss Margaret Huston has taken Mr. Delasco's studio in Confederation Life Building for the winter, where she will be glad to welcome her friends on Wednesday.

Mr. Bruenech has held a most successful exhibition of pictures at Matthews' all this week. Many art-lovers in smart circles called to enjoy a view thereof.

McKinley Lodge hold their fifty-eighth annual At Home on next Friday evening in Victoria Orange Hall at eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Edmonds have removed from Kew Beach to 505 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Edmonds will receive as usual first and third Thursdays.

The Wages of Sin, one of the very best plays of the stage, from the pen of George R. Sims, author of The Silver King and many other successful works, has been secured by Manager Cummings, and this powerful play is to receive a big production at the Princess Theater for the twelfth week of the Cummings Stock Company's season, beginning with the matinee next Monday. Mr. Ralph Stuart will appear as Rev. George Brand, Mr. Robert Cummings as Stephen Marler, Miss Florence Stone as Ruth, a role similar to her Nellie Denver in The Silver King. Miss Nettie Marshall will have a splendid opportunity as Juliana Bloggs, the stage-struck actress, an excellent comedy role, and Miss Lillian Andrews will be much at home as Mrs. Bloggs, her mother. Mr. Thomas J. Grady will appear as Ned. The Wages of Sin is to receive an especially elaborate staging, special scenery having been prepared for every act.

On Monday night Her Majesty's Army and Navy Veterans held their annual dinner. It was the forty-fourth anniversary of the famous battle of Inkerman, and many were the stories told of wars past, those present being able to recount their experiences to most sympathetic ears.

Mr. R. L. Sewell, the United States Vice-Consul, returned this week from a fortnight's hunting trip up north. Mr. Stammers of the Bank of Montreal is away on his annual hunting trip. Dr. Murray Mac-

farlane has returned from a fortnight's vacation spent in the wilds for the hunting season. Dr. Bruce Riordan has also returned from a deer-shooting expedition. The deer this season are in remarkably fine condition, not a specimen having been sent down but is a picture.

Mrs. Joseph E. Thompson (nee Wilkinson) will receive on next Thursday and Friday, November 17 and 18, at her residence, 283 Berkeley street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson had a delightful trip to Philadelphia and other cities for the honeymoon.

The usual monthly dance of the Toronto Canoe Club will take place on Friday evening, November 18.

The Montreal Witness prints this little story of a poor woman who recently went

to a saloon in search of her husband. She found him there, and, setting a covered dish which she had brought with her upon the table, she said: "Thinking that you are too busy to come home to dinner I have brought you yours," and departed. With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him, but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper on which was written: "I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same

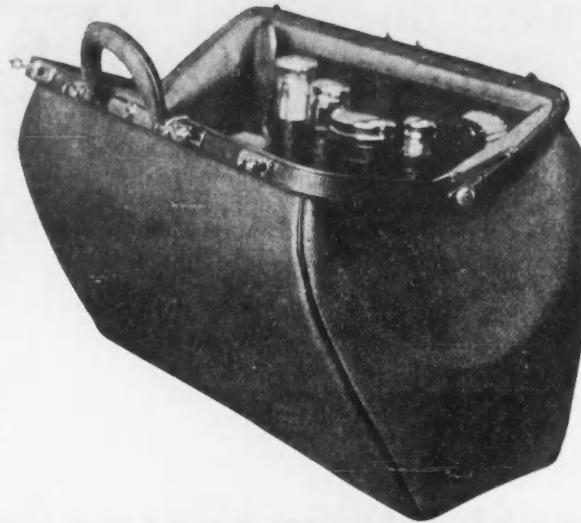
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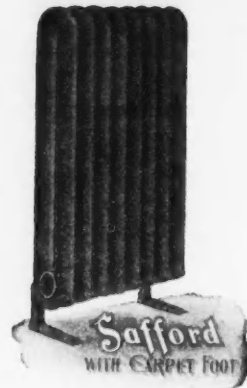
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as your family have at home."
"Johnny, do you like going to school?"
"Not tho well ash coming home!"
Cottler's Weekly.

First Clubman—I hear Col. Lovegold going to marry Miss Knaggs. Seco Clubman—By jove! Is he? Why, ought to get the Victoria cross! James's Budget.



The London Medical Record says of...

DRY ROYAL CHAMPAGNE

We can bear testimony to the excellent quality of Dry Royal. It is as pure, whole some and exhilarating as the most expensive champagne whilst it can be obtained at about half the cost of the latter.

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Births.
PARKHILL—Oct. 31, Mrs. J. Hamilton Parkhill a son.
DOUGLAS—Warkworth, Nov. 3, Mrs. John Douglas, a son.
CONOLY—Essex, Nov. 7, Mrs. W. J. Conolly, a son.
CHIPMAN—Nov. 9, Mrs. Willis Chipman, a son.

Marriages.
BARNARD—COLLHAM—Nov. 3, Arthur William Barnard to Anna Frances Collham.
CLARK—HEWLETT—Regina, Sept. 28, Douglas Clark to Florence Lillian Hewlett.
ROBERTSON—ALLAN—Holstein, Nov. 9, William J. Robertson to Lizzie R. Allan.

Deaths.
BROWNLOW—Nov. 8, Mary Ann Brownlow, a son.
BUCHANAN—Hamilton, Nov. 9, Peter Buchanan.
YEATS—Nov. 9, Jane Yeats.
ADAMS—Nov. 5, Mary E. Adams.
CLARK—Nov. 6, Anne Clarke, aged 68.
CROZON—Nov. 6, Sarah Anne Crozon, aged 68.
DIXON—Riverside, Cal., Nov. 5, William May Dixon, aged 23.
THURKILL—Lindsay, Nov. 5, John Thirkill, aged 94.
EVANS—Nov. 6, Henry Evans, aged 77.
THOMPSON—Nov. 2, John Thompson, aged 77.
MONTGOMERY—Nov. 3, Matilda R. P. Montgomery, aged 41.
COOK—Nov. 3, Sarah A. Cook.
HOBBS—London, Nov. 2, Thomas Hobbs, aged 82.

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WINTER SERVICE...
Commencing Thursday, Nov. 3rd, Equipped Tourist Sleeper with Car. tonics at 7.05 p.m. and run through to Seattle; and on Friday, Nov. 4th, one will leave Toronto at 12.30 p.m. and run through to Vancouver.

The Thursday and Friday Service will be continued throughout the winter season.

The Tourist Sleeper Service on other days will be abolished.

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M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.